

Sports Illustrated



MAY 31, 1982 \$1.50

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Not a roll of film but a film disc—so thin there's room in the camera for a cluster of electronics.

kind of speed, this camera can catch more of the action shots you may have been missing.

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All backed by a full 5-year warranty. Ask your dealer for full details about the Kodak 5-year warranty. If this camera doesn't work with normal care, return it through a photo dealer for repair without charge.

any time, where other built-in flash cameras could leave you in the dark.

Its computer reads the light. Automatically flashes whenever you need more light. Then it can flash again—in one and a third seconds! Even turns itself off.

Combine all that with the disc camera's lens and fast disc film—and you'll know why it captures so many of the moments you may have been missing.

It all adds up to a brand-new world of picture-taking ease.



disc

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PICTURE A BRAND-NEW WORLD.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings,
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method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.



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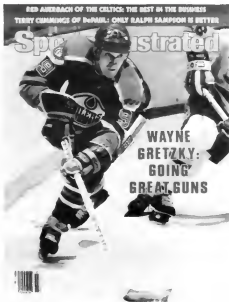


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As we fast-close our up-to-the-minute

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Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly.

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HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that almost half of all automobile occupant fatalities and many serious injuries might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because most injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior or out of the car. Belts reduce this risk.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and, therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are

afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, accident data have proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing serious injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life.

Another common myth: holding a small child in your arms will provide the child with sufficient protection during a crash. The safety experts disagree. They point

out that even during a 30 mph collision, a 10-pound child can exert a 300-pound force against the parent's grip. So please make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

If you're an employer, encourage your employees to wear seat belts. At GM, we've made it a matter of policy that everyone riding in company-owned vehicles is expected to wear lap and shoulder belts.

We heartily support the program initiated by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration to encourage the use of seat belts. So please fasten your own belt, and urge your family and friends to follow your example. Even the best driver in the world can't predict what another driver will do.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.



General Motors

Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

Taste a tradition.

from the 1st Family of Kentucky Whiskies

Our premium whiskies are slowly aged in charred, white oak barrels. This slow, time-proven method follows the tradition of excellence to honor Evan Williams, Kentucky's 1st distiller. Enjoy these premium Bourbons made the old-fashioned way — the very special Evan Williams Black Label or the very rare 10 year old Evan Williams 1783.

Distilled and Bottled by Old Evan Williams Distillery, Lexington, Ky.



Whisky is 100% grain neutral spirits with no additives. ©1991 Old Evan Williams Distillery, Lexington, Ky.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ACKERMANN-BLOUNT, TALL IN THE SADDLE

Profiling the multifariously active and resourceful Gail Roper (page 24) was a particularly appropriate assignment for Joan Ackermann-Blount of Mill River, Mass., who writes sitting on a Western saddle, in sweat pants, at a desk she constructed out of milk crates and an old workbench. The other day, Joan missed softball practice, because she was busy lining up a piano-playing job, writing another story for us and rehearsing to play four different roles in four one-act plays.

On another day, Joan might have been canoe racing, bike racing, riding a unicycle, skiing, water skiing backward, playing in a racquetball or volleyball tournament, exercising her green thumb, playing the guitar or banjo or clarinet, composing songs, swimming in the Konkapot River, doing yoga, camping out, writing poetry, speaking French, taking a friend's book-jacket photo, painting with watercolors or running up and down and up and down and up and down a hill with her dogs, Molly and Pie, her stepson, Kirven, 13,

and maybe, for brief sports, her horse, Ollie; her cats, Snipe and Elowse; her stepdaughter, Ennis, 15; and her husband, former SI staffer Roy Blount Jr., who says that in the face of her example he has "largely retired from active life."

Last October Joan became one of our Special Contributors. She has written for SI about the rowing Geer sisters and about her own ventures into grass skiing, coaching field hockey, swimming with a Polar Bear Club in 30° water and learning how to throw like a boy with instruction by Sandy Koufax and Ron Perranoski.

Other things she has done in her 31 years: win sailing and figure-skating competitions and footraces along the Charles River (she grew up in Cambridge, Mass.), perform at a summer-camp show standing on the back of a cantering horse; whiff tear gas in any number of antiwar demonstrations while at Boston University; teach school in Switzerland and Massachusetts; work in publishing, write for six other national magazines, including *Esquire*, *The Atlantic* and *The New Yorker*; play ragtime piano on the radio; climb Swiss glaciers; act in summer stock, reign as Miss Possum International at an Alabama county fair, and be mistaken for both Jane Fonda and, momentarily, Mick Jagger.

"It may seem like I'm spreading myself thin," she says, "but it all feels like different angles of the same energy. Each thing has a slightly different color or sensation, but the feeling is the same—the intensity. My mother says I was who I am when I was a baby. I used to crawl out of my crib and room. I just always do a lot of things."

And she writes like this: "After a game we'd drink beer at a rest stop along the highway and whistle at men jogging by. Frogs would be croaking, our hair would be soaked with sweat and our shirts would be hanging out. The warm summer nights made you feel especially disheveled and strong."

Philip D. Howard

YOUR TIME HAS COME



1982 TRANS AM

The excitement began 15 years ago when those electrifying "Birds" came down like rolling thunder to capture the hearts of enthusiasts everywhere. And a legend was born.

Now comes the road machine that will fire-up a new generation!

From saber-like nose to rakish tail, Trans Am is a brilliant orchestration of aerodynamic function. Its .31 drag coefficient is the best of any production car GM has ever tested.

But the new Trans Am is much more than a beautiful piece of automotive sculpture. It's a



THE DRIVER'S CAR

The makings of a legend

- 5.0 liter 4-bbl V-8 with dual free-flow resonator exhausts
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- Quick-ratio power steering
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- Front and rear stabilizer bars
- Torque arm rear suspension
- Turbo cast aluminum wheels
- P205/70R14 steel radiats
- 14 1/8" Formula steering wheel
- Reclining front bucket seats

driver's car that's totally engineered for serious roadwork.

Trans Am with options shown, \$10,076. Trans Am's base price? Only \$9,659! This is a manufacturer's suggested retail price including dealer prep. Taxes, license, destination charges and optional equipment additional.

One "hands-on" impression will convince you that Trans Am is a driving sensation!

The legend makers at Pontiac have done it again!

Some Pontiacs are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Pontiac dealer for details.



PONTIAC NOW THE EXCITEMENT REALLY BEGINS

Presenting Betamax Components. (actual size)

If you've been looking for the video system of your dreams, stand this magazine on your bookshelf. Or your TV set. Or next to your hi-fi equipment.

And see how it looks. Look how it fits.

This is the actual size of Sony's amazing Betamax Component System.

Combined, the Recorder and the Tuner/Timer give you all the features you could ask for in a home video unit.

There's BetaScan for high speed picture search. Swing Search for reviewing in normal and slow speeds, forward and reverse.

There's a Linear Time Tape Counter that shows recording and playback time in hours, minutes and seconds.

The Tuner/Timer gives you Sony's Express Tuning System and 2-week, 4-event unattended programming.

Then there's the wireless Remote Commander. It lets you perform all the important functions, including special effects, without moving from your chair.

Finally, with Sony's Trinitron Color Camera, you can turn your home unit into a portable one.

Besides the finest resolution, low-light sensitivity, and true color reproduction, this camera gives you

a host of little miracles.

There's an electronic viewfinder that shows you exactly what you're shooting and lets you review your last shot and plan your next with perfect transition at the touch of a button.

There's also remote control capability, a built-in microphone, a motor-driven macro-zoom lens, automatic settings and an almost endless variety of accessories.

As a special introductory offer, if you buy the SL-2000 Recorder before August 31, 1982, we'll give you six free Sony video cassettes and a guide to portable video recording. They're worth over \$100 and give you up to 18 hours of recording.

When you buy the Betamax Recorder and Trinitron Camera together, we'll give you 12 cassettes worth over \$200.

So hurry down to your participating Sony dealer and look for the display that looks like this ad. There, you'll be able to play with the complete range of components and accessories.

And you'll be able to do what the whole Betamax Component System was designed for in the first place. You'll be able to pick one up.

SONY.
THE ONE AND ONLY



Offer for Sony L 500 videotapes runs from May 15, 1982 to August 31, 1982. Valid only in the United States. Void where prohibited by law.
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An Outstanding Opportunity for Collectors of Western Art

THE FIFTH IN A SERIES OF MUSEUM QUALITY BRONZE REPLICAS

"THE MOUNTAIN MAN" HAS BEEN SELECTED AS THE OFFICIAL COMMEMORATIVE BRONZE FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE 40TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, RONALD REAGAN

The original American "rugged individualist," the mountain man was immortalized by Frederic Remington in this striking bronze, which Remington completed in 1903.

More than any Western character, the mountain man typified the courage and daring of the first Western explorers.

A SOLITARY FIGURE IN AN UNCHARTED WILDERNESS

Alone for months at a time, the mountain men were the first Americans to explore the forest trails, the mountain passes, the rivers and lakes of the vast expanse of unsettled land, long before the coming of the '49ers, the cowboys, and the early railroads.

REMINGTON'S REALISM AT ITS BEST

The Mountain Man is one of Remington's most detailed bronzes. Every item of the mountain man's equipment is accurately depicted — his rifle, his traps, his blanket roll, knife, his fur hat and buckskins.

UNSURPASSED QUALITY IS GUARANTEED

The Mountain Man, in a strictly limited edition of 1,000, is cast by the lost wax process. Each bronze is foundry marked, numbered and dated. Modeled from 13 of the approximately 80 original casts Remington produced, the replica has been approved by the Director of The Buffalo Bill Historical Center. Each bronze is accompanied by a Certificate of Ownership signed by the Director, and your purchase is registered in your name in the Center's archives.

A REMARKABLE VALUE IN TODAY'S INFLATED ART MARKET

At a time when bronzes of lesser size and quality are priced from \$3,000 up, this edition is offered to collectors at \$1,875. We urge you to reserve your bronze now — there is a waiting list for the first three limited edition Remington bronzes that have been issued, and it is anticipated that the demand for this fine replica will also exceed the number of bronzes available.

GUARANTEED REPURCHASE AGREEMENT

Museum Collections unconditionally guarantees to repurchase your bronze at the issue price of \$1,875 any time within one year of your purchase.

TO ORDER, CALL TOLL FREE . .

800-243-4492, or write: Elizabeth Krieger, Director, Museum Collections, Dept. C35, 140 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Ct. 06830 for brochure. You may pay by check, money order or major credit card. Optional five month payment plan available.

Frederic Remington's "The Mountain Man"

Issued in cooperation with the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Coos, Wyoming, in an edition of 1000, the replica is hand finished, fountain marked, numbered and dated. It is approximately 22 inches high with American Walnut base, three-fourths the size of the Remington original.

**museum
collections**



Sideline

by FRANZ LIOT

A STAMP THAT HONORS EDDIE GAEDEL IS APPARENTLY A SHORT-LIVED DREAM

A hotshot Los Angeles lawyer named Jeff Wernick was flipping through a friend's album of U.S. stamps when it struck him that there were no stamps in it commemorating ballplayers. Then Wernick, who works for Manatt, Phelps, Rothenberg & Turney, one of the biggest law firms in L.A., discovered there are no stamps commemorating individual ballplayers. He called his pal "Big Jim" Fin-



negan in New York. Finnegan works for Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft, an even bigger law firm. Finnegan's favorite player is the late Eddie Gaedel, the 3' 7" midget whom Bill Veck put in a game with his St. Louis Browns on Aug. 19, 1951. The two lawyers formed the Honor the Midget Committee, petitioned the Postmaster General with letters demanding a Gaedel stamp and even had an artist, Walter Denn, design one.

Gaedel's best qualification for commemoration is that his strike zone measured 1 1/2". Wearing No. 36, he walked on four pitches, was removed from first for a pinch runner and left baseball forever. The Post Office says it will consider the HMC's request, which might be what it tells people who want their pediatrician commemorated. But Gaedel has already been licked. A Jackie Robinson stamp will be out in August.

END

VISION



David Lauffer/Donner

He had the eyes of a child. Even at 90, he saw the world as fresh, miraculous...new. And what he saw and created in his long life forever changed the way we see. A TIME cover story provided an illuminating perspective on the most important artist of the 20th century. Week after week, TIME gives you more than news and information. It brings insight and understanding to subjects that matter to you.

Read TIME and understand.

TIME



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ULTRA LIGHTS: 4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine,
LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine,
KING: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.

Winston

Nobody does it better.

**This is your world.
This is your Winston.
Smooth. Rich.
Taste it all.**





(Jenny Photographs)

Kappa is winning.

Kappa is the world's leading active sportswear.

Winning with athletes like Olympic champion Edwin Moses, World Cup champion Evelyn Ashford, and the U.S. National Track and Field Team.

Kappa is in the class of the field at world class events like the World Cup, the N.Y.C. Marathon, and the 1984 Summer Games in Los Angeles.

Active people who demand both style and performance demand Kappa. Kappa. Made to win where winning counts... here is the Kappa World Class.

Kappa.
A National Sponsor
U.S. Track and Field Team.



THESE ARE ALL-STAR!

The ridiculousness of voting procedures for the starting lineups in baseball's All-Star Game was never more evident than in a press release recently issued by the New York Yankees. "Yankees Have Eleven All-Star Candidates," the headline on the release read, and the copy boasted that this total was "the most ever by any team." But the punchcard ballots on which these candidates are listed do a far better job of promoting Gillette, sponsor of the balloting, than of helping fans pick a representative team. As usual, the names on the ballots, which were prepared before the season began, are based on past performances and end up bearing little relation to what's happening on the field this season. The only rookies appearing on the ballot are those who received a lot of preseason publicity, like Cal Ripken Jr. of the Orioles; surprises like Bob Dernier of the Phillies or Kent Hrbek of the Twins, who have played better than Ripken so far, are ignored.

Sure, you can vote for unlisted players by writing in the names; there's a little space on the bottom of the ballot for that purpose, if you can find it. But wait and see, for every write-in vote there will be hundreds cast for players who shouldn't be on the ballot, like most of the Yankees listed. Look at the names: Rick Cerone, hitting .233 when he was sidelined two weeks ago with a broken thumb; Dave Collins, a part-time player, batting .233 with five RBIs as of last weekend; Bucky Dent, who was batting .159; John Mayberry, hitting .244; Graig Nettles, who missed most of the first six weeks with a broken thumb and had only four RBIs; Roy Smalley, hitting .226; Butch Wynegar, hitting .245. These are All-Stars? Two other Yankees, Ken Griffey and Jerry Humphrey, have done better, but not well enough to make them legit All-Star candidates. Of the 11 Yankees on the ballot, only Willie Randolph (.323) and Dave Winfield (.302 and 25 RBIs) are solid All-Star prospects—if one discounts the fact that Winfield went on the 21-day disabled list last week.

All-Stars are supposed to be the best, but the ballot, as now constituted, is inevitably out of date and out of whack. In

1983 baseball should junk this selection system in favor of one that takes into account the events of the season in which the All-Star Game is played.

PASS AT YOUR OWN RISK

It's next to impossible to drive on Southern California freeways these days without seeing bumper stickers that say I'D RATHER BE SKIING or—the variations on the theme are endless—I'D RATHER BE SWIMMING or I'D RATHER BE RUNNING or I'D RATHER BE WINDSURFING. Michael Keaton, a comedian appearing at a Hollywood night spot, the Comedy Store, swears he recently saw a car speeding along the Ventura Freeway bearing a bumper sticker that said, disconcertingly, I'D RATHER BE DRIVING.

LET'S HEAR IT FOR 18-INCH SEATS

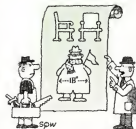
Last December the NCAA sought to defuse a mutiny by some of college football's biggest powers by establishing stricter criteria, including a minimum stadium seating capacity of 30,000, for membership in Division I-A. The realignment was expected to force as many as 50 of the 137 I-A schools to drop to Division I-AA, but there was one complication: Within the same conference, some schools figured to meet the criteria while others didn't. The NCAA ruled that if more than half the members of a conference qualified for I-A, all member schools could stay put. If half or fewer of the schools qualified, those that met the new criteria could either drop to I-AA with other conference members, quit the conference or, if they could contrive to play seven or more games a year against I-A opponents, remain in I-A even though their conference was in I-AA.

With that, the realignment scramble was on. Yale, the only Ivy League school that met the criteria for continued I-A status, elected to drop to I-AA with the other Ivy institutions. But another school that qualified for I-A, Southwestern Louisiana, quit the Southland Conference rather than accept demotion to I-AA with its conference brethren. Because only three of its eight schools qualified

for I-A, the Missouri Valley Conference is classified as I-AA; however, those three, Tulsa, Wichita State and New Mexico State, hope to be able to play enough I-A opponents—one another, for starters—to remain in that division without having to quit the Valley.

Now consider the Pacific Coast Athletic Association and the Mid-American Conference, which last season arranged to send their respective champions to meet in the California Bowl in Fresno. The PCAA stayed in Division I-A because four of its seven schools met the criteria, including Nevada-Las Vegas, which joined the conference only last November. On the other hand, because only four of its 10 schools are expected to meet I-A standards, the Mid-American will compete in 1982 at the I-AA level.

Despite its demotion, the Mid-American will continue sending its best team to California for what will become, for at least one year, an interdivisional show-



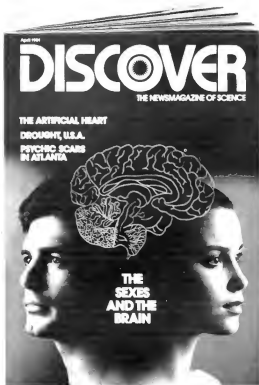
down with the PCAA. In the meantime, two Mid-American members—Northern Illinois and Bowling Green—plan stadium expansions to meet the 30,000-seat requirement. Northern now lists the capacity of its Huskie Stadium at 30,050, but several thousand of those seats are 16 inches wide: the NCAA's busy bureaucrats have ruled that to count toward the I-A minimum, seats must measure 18 inches. The purpose of Northern Illinois' planned expansion is to help put the Mid-American Conference back into I-A. Be-

continued

Science. The Great Adventure

Science. It's a world that's too much with us to let it go by unnoticed, unreported. For it is how we live, what we do with our imagination. It is technology, medicine, psychology, genealogy. It is genetics, phonetics, zoology, biology. It is outer space and universe. It is mysteries, some revealed, others still hidden. It is the vastness of nature of questions asked and answers applied. It is a great adventure, a voyage of discovery. And DISCOVER is Time Incorporated's newest newsmagazine—a journal of all the sciences, of what scientists are doing and thinking, of what it portends now and tomorrow. DISCOVER. It's written for non-scientists who nonetheless intend to know the news of science. It's powerful writing and unforgettable pictures. It's revealing, challenging, fascinating. Join us now. To subscribe call toll-free today 1-800-621-8200.

D74253



SCORECARD *continued*

cause it will involve, in part, replacing 16-inch seats with 18-inch ones, the expansion will also give some Huskie fans more breathing space, a hitherto unappreciated benefit of big-time football.

UPDATE

• In 1978 four-time Olympic discus champion Al Oerter lent his gold medal from the 1968 Games to a Hollywood production company so that a replica of it could be cast for a forgettable movie called *Goldengirl* (SI, June 25, 1979). Oerter eventually learned to his dismay that his medal had been destroyed during the copying process. The film's distributor, Avco Embassy Pictures, decided to try to replace Oerter's medal but, understandably under the circumstances, had difficulty persuading some other 1968 Olympic champion to lend the gold medal. It needed for striking a copy. Finally, Bill Toomey lent the medal he won in the decathlon—it was insured for \$25,000—and Avco Embassy officials were able to cast a replica. Last week they presented the substitute medal to Oerter, who ruefully observed, "It took longer to replace that medal than it did to train to win it."

• Anna Conrad, the 22-year-old ski-lift operator at Alpine Meadows resort near Lake Tahoe who was miraculously rescued after being buried for five days in rubble from an avalanche that killed seven people (SI, April 19), has lost the battle to save her right leg. Doctors at Tahoe Forest Hospital in Truckee, Calif., last week amputated the leg below the knee. Conrad also lost part of the left foot. A hospital spokesman said that the surgery had been necessary because of a gangrenous condition in both legs. Conrad is expected to be released from the hospital in about two weeks.

• After sailing through the House Banking Committee by a 32-7 vote, an Olympic coin bill authored by committee chairman Fernand J. St Germain of Rhode Island seemed a solid bet to win passage on the House floor (SCORECARD, May 24). Instead, the House last week rejected St Germain's bill and passed, by a resounding 302-84 vote, a rival measure sponsored by Illinois Congressman Frank Annunzio. Each side argued that its bill would yield more money to the U.S. Olympic Committee and the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, although only St Germain's bill contained a guarantee of such a payoff—for

continued

Announcing Honda's Two-Wheel Deal: Big savings on small bikes.

1981 Express*
\$298*



1982 Urban Express*
\$498*



1981 Passport*
\$598*



1982 MB5
\$598*



If you've been waiting for the right time to buy one of Honda's economical, lightweight motorbikes, here's great news. Honda's Two-Wheel Deal.

You'll get big savings on many of Honda's most popular motorbikes and lightweight street bikes. So now is your chance to get one of the best small bikes on the market for big savings.

HONDA
FOLLOW THE LEADER

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price excluding tax, title, freight and options. ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET AND EYE PROTECTION.
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a total of \$30 million. The St Germain bill, which provided for 17 commemorative coins that would be produced by the U.S. Mint but marketed by private firms, was backed by the White House, the USOC and the LAOOC. The Senate had passed a similar measure. In nevertheless opting for Annunzio's bill, under which three coins would be marketed by the U.S. Treasury, the House concluded that it was bad public policy to allow legal tender to be sold by "middlemen," a word Annunzio used derisively. Unless the Senate goes along with the House bill, it will be up to a conference committee to try to work out a compromise.

WHEN REFEREES HAVE PERSONALITIES AND TEAMS HAVE STYLES, WHO NEEDS A RULEBOOK, ANYWAY?

One of the things people don't realize is that each referee has a little different standard built into his own personality, and what we try to do is not make everybody a robot... Wally, we know, is a little more lenient, lets the boys play a little more than perhaps a Ron Wicks does, but that's their standards.

—NHL President John Ziegler, responding to charges that Referee Wally Harris permitted Vancouver to flout the rules during that team's Stanley Cup final series against the Islanders.

People felt there was a lot of clutching and grabbing. That was the style of the Vancouver Canucks.

—Harris, on the same subject.

THREE POINTS, CLOCKS, SUDDEN DEATH

The ACC last week voted to adopt a three-point field goal and a shot clock on an experimental basis next season, the former in hopes of forcing defenses out from under the basket and the latter as an antidote to the slowdown style of play that has lately beset college basketball generally and ACC games in particular. In approving a three-point field goal, the ACC joined the Missouri Valley and Sun Belt conferences, both of which also adopted the three-pointer last week, and the Big Ten, which did so a week earlier. The Southern Conference has used a three-point field goal for the past two seasons. In addition, the world basketball federation (FIBA) has taken the first legislative step toward adopting a three-point field goal: final approval is expected in 1984.

The ACC went for a 30-second shot clock, a compromise between the NBA's 24-second clock and the 45-second one used for the past four seasons by the Sun Belt. Following the Sun Belt's lead, the ACC won't operate its clock during a game's final four minutes. As with the other college conferences that have adopted them, the ACC's three-pointer and shot clock will be used in conference games and those non-conference games in which both coaches consent to use them. They won't be used during the NCAA tournament.

Meanwhile, the ever innovative Continental Basketball Association, a minor league partly funded by the NBA, is trying something new in next fall's preseason games. The CBA showcased the three-point shot and the collapsible rim before the NBA adopted them and last season abandoned traditional win-loss records in favor of standings in which seven points are awarded for each game—three points for victory and one for each quarter in which a team outscored its opponent. Part of the idea was to make blowouts more exciting by giving outlived teams a chance to salvage points by "winning" one or more quarters. The scheme worked well enough that the CBA will use it again this season.

The CBA's latest brainstorm is to dispense with the customary five-minute overtime period and award victory to the first team that scores three points in overtime. CBA Commissioner Jim Drucker allows that the impetus for the experiment is a desire to come up with a two-hour "package" for cable TV—i.e., a game free of the scheduling uncertainty posed by the possibility of a traditional OT. But Drucker also says, "If you have a down-to-the-wire game that goes into overtime, starting over with a five-minute period is an anticlimax. With this new plan, the game is over right away if a player hits a three-point shot. But should the team that first gets the ball try a three-point or an easier two-point shot? And if it hits a two-point, what does the other team go for—two or three? And if a team has two points, think of how careful the other team has to be to avoid fouling. All this would make OT superexciting."

One obvious problem with Drucker's scheme is that the team that wins the opening tap in overtime will gain an unfair advantage. But Drucker says, "The other major sports all have some form

of sudden-death ending: overtime in the NFL, the game-ending, extra-inning home run in baseball, the knockout in boxing. This would give basketball a sort of sudden death, too."

AT LEAST THEY'RE ON THEIR TOES

At the invitation of new University of California football coach Joe Kapp, ex-Oakland Raiders Defensive Tackle Tom Keating worked as a special assistant during Cal's spring practice. Keating came away from the experience with a graphic idea of what's been wrong with the Golden Bears: "The problem with the program is its image," he said. "Right now the image of Cal football is two guys in tutus chasing a swan."

FERNANDOMANIA REVISITED

At about this time last year, Fernando Valenzuela was a rookie pitcher with a 9-0 record, and Los Angeles Dodger fans were in the grip of a phenomenon known as Fernandomania. But at the end of last week, Valenzuela had a 5-4 record, and while he was still a big draw at home and on the road, the more excessive manifestations of Fernandomania were on the wane. The Dodger concessions office reports that sales of Valenzuela T-shirts, buttons and the like are "way down from last season." Meanwhile, manufacturers of a once hot-selling Valenzuela poster say they have no plans to reissue it. That's probably a wise business decision. Karls, a chain of 21 toy stores in the L.A. area, purchased 3,600 posters at the height of Fernandomania, sold most of them during a 2½-month stretch last year, but is having trouble unloading the few it still has in stock. As a result, those relics of Fernandomania have been marked down from \$2.99 to 25¢.

THEY SAID IT

● H.A. (Humpy) Wheeler, president of the Charlotte Motor Speedway, on next week's inaugural Detroit Grand Prix: "I just can't understand why anyone would run a race in Detroit around Renaissance Plaza that a Renault is going to win."

● Don Zimmer, Texas Rangers manager, summoned to the phone on May 7 after his team snapped a 12-game losing streak with a 1-0 win over the Red Sox: "Is this President Reagan calling?"

END



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Not only can it take it, this new DT resists cutting and fights scuffing better than ever.

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Banishing The

Philadelphia again blew a 3-1 lead, but came back to its chamber of horrors and beat Boston to win the East

by ANTHONY COTTON

Only seconds remained before the start of Sunday's seventh game between Boston and Philadelphia for the NBA's Eastern Conference championship—a game that, if the Sixers lost, would have been the most devastating in a succession of postseason '76er swoons. And, suddenly, materializing almost before their eyes in Boston Garden stood five Boston fans wearing hooded sheets bearing the legend THE GHOSTS OF CELTICS PAST. On the backs of the sheets were the names and numbers of golden oldies Bill Russell, John Havlicek, Sam Jones, Tom Sanders and Don Nelson, Celtics who so often eliminated Philadelphia—names of players who haunt Sixer fans to this day. "That's when I got scared," Philadelphia's Julius Erving said. "I thought it was the Klan."

But that blast from the past didn't help the Celtics Sunday, nor did the championship banners, nor that legendary little man who sits on the rim guiding in Boston shots. By defeating the Celtics 120-106 to gain the NBA finals against the Los Angeles Lakers, the Sixers delivered themselves from what surely would have been eternal damnation. As Celtic Coach Bill Fitch said afterward, "I bet [76er Coach] Billy Cunningham weighs 100 pounds less now, and I can feel about 95 of them on my back."

This Philadelphia team played like the old run-and-shoot gangs of the late '70s, and the runnigest and shootnigest were Erving and Andrew Toney. The Doctor, who vowed after Philly's 88-75 loss in Game 6 that he wouldn't go down passing, scored 29 points. Toney, a/k/a the Boston Strangler, got 34.

Erving, who pledged to go down shooting, scored for two of his 29 Game 7 points.



Green Ghosts



"Sometimes two-footers don't go, and other times 25-footers do," Erving had said after Game 6. "Sometimes you do everything right and the guy still makes a shot. The game is as unpredictable as it is beautiful, and that's why I love it."

"It's totally strange," concurred Boston's Kevin McHale. "How can Nolan Ryan throw a no-hitter and then get bombed his next time out? It happens."

After breezing 114-85 in Game 5 in Boston and embarrassing the Sixers in Game 6 in Philly, the Celtics seemed poised for the hat trick by again beating Philadelphia in Eastern final playoffs after being down three games to one. "When people start pushing us around we have a tendency not to back down, but just not to do anything until after it's happened," said Sixer Guard Clint Richardson after Game 5. "We have to get hit in the face before we get aggressive."

"Since 1976, with Erving and George McGinnis and those guys, there have been such great expectations for this team," said Guard Lionel Hollins. "But we've gotten older while other teams have gotten better. Look at Boston. They were terrible in '79. But last year, this year... that shouldn't matter to our fans. We give them entertainment every night. They could be in Cleveland."

Shouldn't matter to Philadelphia fans? After Boston opened the Sixer series with a blowout win and then lost three in a row, people weren't saying Philly had a commanding lead, they were saying they could fold again.

Center Robert Parish, the Celtics' leading playoff scorer, second-leading rebounder and surely their MVP, had slumped in Games 2 through 4. "I don't know about the 76ers crashing the boards," Parish said. "They do do a good

continued

job of crashing on my back, though."

Then in Game 5 Parish's slump ended as he scored 15 of his 26 points in the first quarter, mostly on shots made facing the basket instead of his rainbow turnaround jumper. Because that shot is unblockable, whenever Parish got the ball with his back to the basket one of the Philadelphia guards helped double-team the ball, either clogging the passing lanes or forcing Parish into a more awkward shot.

In that game—which ended with Celtic fans gleefully shouting, "See you Sunday"—and the next, the Celtics were helped mightily by their double-team defense. One of Philly's favorite plays begins with either Maurice Cheeks or Tony Drexler dribbling below the foul line on the right side and setting up a two-man game with Erving. But instead of double-teaming the Doctor, as they had done previously the Celtics immediately sent the topside guard down, trapping the Philly guard before a pass could be made, cutting seconds off the shot clock and leading to terrible 76er shots. In the second period of Game 5, Philadelphia was 4 for 26 from the field, an abysmal 15%.

That was just a portend of what was to come in Game 6 on Friday night, although at the start it looked as if the series would be ending as the 76ers grabbed leads of 7-0 and 26-12. From its first possession Philadelphia moved the ball well and swarmed on defense, and no one in the noisy Spectrum seemed concerned with an 8-0 Boston spurt that made it 26-20 at the quarter. Or with the fact that the Sixers, as well as they were playing, couldn't pull away. The 76ers led by just 48-42 at the half. For the record, neither team had relinquished a halftime lead in any of the previous games.

That changed when Parish hit a jumper with 7:56 left to play, giving Boston a 69-67 lead. From then on it was a horror show for the Sixers, who had begun to play too finely. Over the last 18 minutes of the game, after a Bobby Jones layup at 6:12 in the third made it 57-53 Philly, the Sixers scored only four field goals, two of them on govtending calls. Their 27-point second half was the lowest in the playoffs since the introduction of the shot clock in 1954.

Hadn't we seen this somewhere be-

Doc's mood turned from jovial to serious when Bird was between him and the hoop.



fore? "Déjà vu?" asked Fitch. "I can't speak English sometimes. I don't want to get into that French stuff. It was a fierce game for conditioning, playing a winter game in the summer."

"That didn't make a difference," said Cunningham. "The building was air conditioned, wasn't it?"

When someone suggested to Parish that it would be Philly that would come out smoking in Game 7, the Chief just shrugged. "That's O.K. I'd put our best five out against theirs any day."

But on Sunday the best five were wearing red. The loosest five, too. Cunningham yanked the Sixers off the floor with three minutes left in the pregame warmups, presumably to pull the team together. Instead, backup Center Darryl Dawkins used the time to rip apart his teammates with jokes. "I know it was a serious occasion, but even if you're at a funeral," he said, "people will laugh if you say something funny."

The Sixers maintained their cool throughout the game—sometimes smiling when fouls were called against them. Once, Erving and Caldwell Jones actually slapped fives after Philly was called for a three-second violation. But it took a slap in the face to get Toney loosened up. In the first quarter M.L. Carr flattened him as he shot a jumper from the top of the key. The shot was good and so was the foul shot, and now Toney had regained the confidence he had lost in Games 5 and 6, in which he went 7 for 31 from the field. "I just felt like I had to play better," Toney said. "For the team and myself."

Apparently his teammates felt so, too. Cheeks had visited Toney at his home after Game 6 expressly to tell him to relax. Before Sunday's game, many Sixers came over to give Toney a little pat.

Not that Toney needed much solicitude after he got started. At times he ignored plays to go off on his own offensive tangents. Even if his forays weren't planned, they were what the Sixers, who tend to be tentative at times on offense, needed. "If he hits one, you know he's going to hit another and another and another," Dawkins said.

Both Toney and Erving were off and running, scoring 16 and nine points, respectively, in the first half, which ended 52-49 Philadelphia. But even when the Sixers got the first six points after intermission there was still the feeling that the Celtics would make a big move.

It came with 7:43 left in the third period, the 76ers up 64-54. Larry Bird hit a bank shot from the lane, then a pair of free throws. After a block by Parish, Bird fed Carr for a layup. Two more Bird free throws made it 64-62 before Toney's jumper ended the Celtics' run.

Then it was Boston's turn to lose composure. After Toney's basket, rookie Danny Ainge, in because Tiny Archibald was out with a dislocated shoulder, threw the ball away trying to hit Cedric Maxwell on a fast break. Cheeks converted the turnover into a basket, and Ainge again turned the ball over—on a no-look pass to Carr. When Mike Bantom scored a layup off an offensive rebound for a 70-62 Sixer lead, Fitch called a time out to lay into Ainge.

"Don't blow the whole thing for us," he moaned. "All you have to do is bring the ball upcourt. Somewhere down the line we have to start playing smart."

"He does that all the time," Ainge said later. "That might have cost us the game, but if I had to do it all over again I think I

would have thrown the same passes. They might be called rookie plays, but I don't think they were dumb."

Maybe not, but the importance of the plays wasn't lost on Philadelphia. "They always come on strong in the third quarter," Cheeks said. "If you can contain that, you can get 'em. That helped."

The Celtics switched Bird to guard in order to slow Toney down on offense by making him work harder on defense, but, as Cheeks said, "When Toney gets unconscious it really doesn't matter what anybody does."

The crowd gave the soon-to-be-ex-champs a standing ovation with 1:06 left. Forty-five seconds later there was a new chant: "Beat L.A., beat L.A."

"That was nice," Erving said. "But it wasn't as loud as 'See you Sunday,' was it?"

No, but so much had changed since Games 5 and 6. "We were a different team today," said Cheeks. "We played like we were possessed." But not by The Ghosts of Celtics Past.



At the end of Game 7, Bird and the Celtics resembled the fallen champions they were.

For a while one night last week the invincible combination of Chicago White Sox Patcher LaMarr Hoyt and Comiskey Park looked as if it might be vulnerable. Hoyt had won his first seven decisions of the year, and he started the game with a 14-0 lifetime mark at his home field, but in the fourth inning he was losing 1-0 to the lowly Texas Rangers. And the White Sox, who had staked Hoyt to 42 runs in his first four starts, were thrashing vainly at the deliveries of Doc Medich.

Hoyt, who had allowed just nine bases on balls in 44 innings this season, seemed

to be a little off. He walked one batter and fell behind another in the first. In the second, a player he was determined to handcuff took him downtown. "I read in the paper that it was Jim Sundberg's 31st birthday," Hoyt said later. "Since I wear the same number, I said, 'The one guy I'm not going to let hurt me is Sundberg.'" Unfortunately, Texas Manager Don Zimmer distracted Hoyt by com-

plaining that he wasn't touching the rubber while throwing to Sundberg, and on Hoyt's next pitch to the Texas catcher, a sinker that didn't sink, Sundberg homered to the Bull Ring area of the leftfield stands, which is reserved for kids who are guests of White Sox DH Greg (The Bull) Luzinski.

The White Sox did score twice in the fourth inning, but where was the barrage

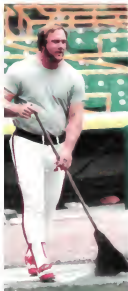
LaMarr Hoyt labored in bullpen obscurity until Chicago let him start. Now he and the Sox are looking like the real McCoy **by JIM KAPLAN**

A Heady LaMarr Has Sox Fans In Ecstasy



Hoyt wasn't superstitious about his streak, but his hair hadn't been out lately, either.





DH Luzinski is the big cleanup man around Comerica Park, figuratively and literally too.

game close, and sooner or later you'd bust out."

Hoyt was pitching well enough to win much closer games. At week's end his 8-0 record and his 1.53 earned run average were tops in baseball. And, oh, he has been versatile: Hoyt started the season in the bullpen, winning three times in his first five appearances, and became a starter on April 27 when Manager Tony LaRussa decided that rookie Salome Barojas gave him more than enough relief. Before stopping Texas last week, Hoyt whipped Milwaukee 13-2 and 11-2, and Detroit 10-3 and 8-5 in his four starts.

A 6' 3" 225-pounder from South Carolina with a laid-back attitude and an occasional weight problem, Hoyt maintains the streak is no big deal. "When I lose, I'll just start another one," he says. Nonetheless, he has taken to letting his ample hair and beard grow. "Everyone's a little superstitious," he says.

Hoyt, 27, was 9-3 in each of the last two seasons, but he threw too much middle relief to accumulate double-figure wins or multitudes of saves, the prize statistics in pitching. "You are the best 26-6 lifetime secret in baseball today," a fan wrote him. "You are so underrated it is

crazy. You pitch like Tom Seaver, Don Sutton and Lefty Carlton put together."

But opponents disagree as to exactly what makes Hoyt so successful. "He changes speeds," says Sundberg. "Lots of different pitches," says Texas Outfielder John Grubb.

Both are right. A master of hiding what he intends to throw, the high-kicking Hoyt is effective with his fastball, slider, curve, sinker or changeup. He throws three different hummers, the best one being a "cut fastball" that tails away from righthanded hitters. With all that plus an occasional changeup and—thanks to an off-season conditioning program—no elbow soreness, Hoyt has become a pitcher batters would just as soon not have to hit against.

"He's happy in his role as a starter," says his catcher, Carlton Fisk, "and that makes him more solid. A starter knows when he's going to work, so his approach is more structured. LaMarr can zero in his thought and concentration. When you do that, you can correct one mistake at a time. It all adds up to better control, the most important difference in his pitching this year."

Hoyt has always had an exceptional

continued

of runs Hoyt had come to expect? The man who usually gets things going, Centerfielder-leadoff man Ron LeFlore, had struck out and popped up.

But in the fifth LeFlore did his thing. He slashed a hard grounder by the third baseman and wound up on second when the leftfielder slipped on the wet grass. There followed a deluge of White Sox hits and Ranger gaffes. In the end, Hoyt beat Texas 10-2, giving up only five hits. Strictly routine, except that he had set a White Sox record with his 13th straight win over two seasons and had a shot at two other marks. The American League record of 17 is shared by Baltimore's Dave McNally (1968-69) and Cleveland's John Allen (1936-37), the major league record of 24 was set by the Giants' Carl Hubbell (1936-37).

In the tumultuous White Sox clubhouse, a radio broadcast of the game highlights was playing. "We're still scoring!" yelled Pitcher Steve Trout. "That's Hoyt for you." "Sign him up for the Roller Derby," chimed in the venerable leftlander Jerry Koosman. "It's just like when I was with the Phillies and Steve Carlton was pitching," said Luzinski. "You'd get all fired up. You knew that the way he was pitching he'd keep the



Paciorek has a promotable Lugosi routine, and Lau's balling lips are socko with hitters.



No matter what's happening afield, Sox fans have a gaudy scoreboard to divert them.



Stretching a point, Almon goes flat-out in stealing second base against the Rangers.



An amiable LeFlore takes to the stands to adjust the hats on two delighted youngsters.

WHITE SOX continued

memory. "I remember everything I've ever pitched to anybody," he says matter-of-factly. "I faced Randy Bass twice in the minors and remembered that he liked it low and inside." When Bass, now with Texas, pinch-hit last week, Hoyt threw him low-and-away and struck him out.

"When I was in the minors," says Hoyt, "my pitching coach, Hoyt Wilhelm, told me to figure out what I had going for me on a particular night and stay with it. That was excellent advice. When I get a big lead, though, I can also experiment or hold back on pitches. A couple of pitches were working so well against the Rangers that I put them on a shelf around the fifth. I'll be going down to Texas; no reason to let everything out of the bag at once."

Hoyt also has learned to exploit an uncommon sense of touch. "The balls are never perfectly round," he says. "I throw mostly fastballs, but sometimes you have to go with what's given to you. A ball with a high seam is easy to grip; I throw curves. A high mark on the narrow part: slider. A generally uneven ball: sinker. Some people think too much; the game's not that hard."

The White Sox have found the going pretty good even when Hoyt isn't pitching. At week's end, having won 15 of 20 games in May, they were 16 percentage points ahead of California in the AL West and clearly much stronger than in 1981, when they contended for the first half and collapsed in the second.

The biggest day-in, day-out difference has been LeFlore, a .246 hitter last year but among the league leaders this season at .318. In spring training LeFlore approached the club's new batting coach, the celebrated Charley Lau, who told him to move back from the plate, change the position of his hands and transfer his body weight. As a result, LeFlore is pulling pitches for the first time in his career.

In the front office much credit is due General Manager Roland Hemond, a onetime 115-pound high school shortstop who is so affable that even agents like him. Hemond signed Lau and strengthened the lineup by trading for Detroit Leftfielder Steve Kemp and Seattle First Baseman Tom Paciorek. Typically, the two were scouted for more than just their on-field talents. Kemp (hitting .285) has modeled the Sox' giveaway jackets for a TV promotion. And wrapped in a black cape, Paciorek (.331)



Hairston scores a game-winning run beneath a late throw to Texas' Bobby Johnson.

touted Bat Day with a Bela Lugosi routine. "Just theenk of it," he says with a leer, "thousands of bats flying around Comiskey Park!"

With the addition of Paciorek and Kemp, the White Sox lineup is so deep that .322-hitting Shortstop Bill Almon is batting ninth. So what if Paciorek, Almon and Third Baseman Jim Morrison have defensive shortcomings; Second

Baseman Tony Bernazard turns the pivot so deftly that the White Sox lend the league with 52 double plays. Pitching? Hoyt, Koosman, Dennis Lamp (4-0) and the latest Mexican marvel, Ernesto Escarrega, can start or relieve; Britt Burns (5-2) is a Carlton-like lefty; and the team's other Super Mex, Barojas, has 10 saves.

The White Sox have been able to win even while playing badly. The night after Hoyt won No. 8, Leflore let a fly ball drop in front of him, setting up a four-run Texas inning, and after that Chicago had to scratch. The White Sox finally won 6-5 in the ninth on an infield single by third-string Catcher Marv Foley with men on first and second. When the ball got away from the shortstop, Jim Hairston, a 30-year-old pinch runner who wears tinted glasses, chugged in from second. "It's still May and everybody's contributing," LaRussa chortled.

The Chicago organization comes at you in a variety of ways, too. There are not one but two electronic scoreboards, and not one but two mascots, Ribbie and Roobarb. While the matrix board does cartoons and stats, the Orwellian Diamond Vision flashes instant replays and features, and pans the stands in search of attractive women—the fans holler, the beauties blush.

The White Sox go to great lengths to keep their fans amused. A script for each game carries specific instructions for the P.A. announcer, organist, mascots, promotions director and scoreboard opera-

tor. The 7:10 p.m. notation for Diamond Vision before Hoyt's start was: "If no band: *This Week in Baseball*, musical piece, something; shots of fans in stands, something to keep fans totally entertained. The board should never be black, if possible."

The highlight of the mighty Sox show is the seventh-inning stretch, during which a selected fan stands in the broadcast booth, mike in hand, and leads the singing of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. Among those chosen have been 90-year-old Al Gielow and 8-year-old Mike Kivanaugh. On the job last week was Dan Nono, a bulky, 32-year-old microphone salesman with a stentorian voice. "I was asked if I could sing, and I said I studied under Pavarotti," said Nono. "I call myself the Advocate General. I'm like a superfan, except with more quality."

Fireworks nights—the idea of previous owner Bill Veckel—are but one example of the club's 24 different special promotions. In other words, show business. And no one in the White Sox cast is happier than Hoyt. Last week he was asked how he was taking his new celebrity. "It's fun," he replied. "That's why we're at the ball park, to have fun. Throw the ball, hit the ball—it's all fun." **BOB**

Pals: Bernazard and Coach Dave Nelson.



No, no, Nono doesn't sound like Pavarotti.



In Sum, It Was Just What He Wanted

Daley Thompson's decathlon score totaled up to 8,707 points, which was more than enough to surpass the world record **by KENNY MOORE**

Daley Thompson and Jane Frederick sat on the high-jump pit in tiny Mösle Stadium in Götzis, Austria and reflected. It was Saturday afternoon, near the end of the first day of the Götzis International Decathlon and Heptathlon. A few raindrops fell. Frederick had completed the first four events of the heptathlon and was 40 points ahead of the pace that took her to an American record 6,308 here a year ago, though now she led the second-place competitor, Anke Vater of East Germany, by only 30 points.

Thompson, 23, the 1980 Olympic champion from Great Britain, had been

superb, winning the 100 meters and long jump and amassing 3,677 points after four events, putting him well ahead of the pace of Guido Kratschmer when the West German set the decathlon world record of 8,649 in 1980. (Kratschmer had lifted the record a month earlier had taken it from Bruce Jenner.)

Yet in Götzis, Thompson was nobly pursued. Not by Kratschmer, who had passed up the meet, but by the record holder's 24-year-old countryman, Jürgen Hingsen. The 6'6", 225-pound Hingsen had achieved personal records in

three events, won the shotput and tied for first in the high jump, and lay 62 points back, dangerously close if his second day was as heroic as his first.

One event remained for the men that evening, the 400 meters. There would be six sections to accommodate the 26 competitors, with Thompson and Hingsen in the sixth. No one in the first section of the race broke 50 seconds. A stiff, cold wind had come up and it blew in the runners' faces for the initial 100 meters, tiring them early. Thompson watched that race closely from his seat on the high-jump pit. He watches everything closely. He saw his British teammate, Colin Boreham, run 48.17 in the fourth section. "I was unsure how to run," Thompson said. "Colin had run a personal best, despite that wind . . . shows it could be done. I couldn't let him down. Couldn't let myself down."

Thompson slipped off the foam pit and said to Frederick, "Well, I'm going for it." He hadn't broken 48 seconds in decathlon competition in four years, having compromised his running in order to im-

Thompson (18) indicated he "meant business" with a win over Hingsen (3) in the 100.

prove once weak events such as the shot, pole vault and discus. "Now," said Frederick, "it's crack 47 or die for that guy."

Thompson was in Lane 3. Hingsen in 2, where he could keep an eye on him. At the gun, Thompson bolted into the gale as if the race was a mere 100. "I think I overcompensated for the wind," he would say later. He passed the 200 in 21.5, sprinting furiously, far clear of Hingsen and the field. Thompson has a scotching sort of stride, with little knee lift, a style that can switch from overdrive to stagger very quickly. Yet entering the stretch he still held a lead of 12 yards. "I tried to go even faster," he said. "But I couldn't." The power of his heavily muscled arms and shoulders and back seemed to carry Thompson's faltering legs as he leaned and strained for the tape. He hit it in 46.86, the best time of his life. "Better, under the conditions," said Ron Pickering, the British coach, "than Bill Toomey's 45.69 in the altitude of Mexico City in 1968."

In fact, it was Toomey, the Olympic champion that year, who seemed to be Thompson's inspiration. Thompson had said, "He told me once, 'You get 'em all in the 100, and so make sure they know you mean business, you get 'em again in the 400.' " Thompson sat, a little faint, on the high-jump pit where he'd gathered his resolve. "I meant business, didn't I?" he said.

Hingsen had run 47.86, a personal record by a full second, yet had lost by a full second. He sank onto the thickly-padded lawn chair on which he rested between events while a comely friend iced his legs. "I said that Duley was unbeatable just now," Hingsen said, and now he believed it. With 955 points for the 400, Thompson's first-day total was 4,632, the highest ever, and 172 ahead of Kratschmer's world-record pace. Yet the record seemed but an abstraction to Thompson, compared with his vibrant competition with Hingsen, who had 4,520. "He's got a best of 14.2 in the 110-meter hurdles (the event that would open the second day)," said Thompson. "If I get him in that one, it will put him back in his lawn chair. I think this is going to be a great, great decathlon. Hingsen could break the world record and get second."

A decathlon of such magnitude is rare



to begin with and has always seemed to demand the background of an Olympics. Yet this struggle was taking place in a quiet village of 9,000 in the westernmost tip of Austria. The still-snowy Vorarlberg mountains formed a calming backdrop, and the athletes' familiar fragrances of wintergreen and baby powder were over-matched by that of Brown Swiss cows in an adjoining pasture.

"Why do I come here?" said Thompson. "Well, I set the short-lived world record [8,622] here two years ago, and the people are wonderful. Also, it's the only decathlon invitation I ever get."

Frederick won the Götzis pentathlon in 1978 and '79, the latter in an American record of 4,708, and then, after the women went to seven events (adding the 200 and javelin to the 100 hurdles, shotput, high jump, long jump and 800), won again last year. "It's important to me that the only competition here is for multi-eventers," she said. "This is for us." She bent to the turf, discovering a dewy four-leaf clover. "I've been lucky here. And now that makes me feel more pressure, a responsibility to perform as well as Götzis has seen me before."

Frederick is 30. The preeminent U.S. pentathlete and heptathlete for 10 years, she seems to grow ever stronger and more fragile. "I'm old," she said before the event in which she would be compet-

continued

Thompson held on in the javelin (198' 7") and pole vault (16' 1") despite ill winds.



Frederick (center) won the hurdles and set a U.S. record of 8,423 in the heptathlon.

ing against 23 other heptathletes. "I hurt a hamstring in April, had a cold all winter. This is the first meet of the year for me and I'm so nervous I don't think I want to talk anymore."

She began grimly, with 13.81 in the hurdles, running under control. In the shot she attained 49' 6 1/4", but first had to shoo photographers out of her line of sight. After Frederick cleared 5' 11 1/4" in the high jump, her best in four years, she relaxed a little. "Nerves," she said. "But when I get over feeling them, I'll know it's time to quit."

Thompson, by contrast, seems unable to be on the receiving end of anxiety. He's effervescent in competition, incessantly joking and coaching his opponents. "He uses other people to dissipate the tension," said a photographer friend, Steve Powell, who taught Thompson scuba diving. "He learns instantly."

On the first day, however, Thompson's role was clearly that of the masterful instructor. He's the fastest of the top decathletes, a gift amply rewarded by the scoring tables. "Nine events are based on speed or explosiveness," Thompson says, "only one on endurance [the concluding



1,500). Jenner says the 1,500 is all he could still beat me in. He ran 70 miles a week, and it showed in his sprints: he ran the 100 like a miler."

In Götzis, Thompson blew away from the 100 field with a good, low start and finished in 10.49 for 935 points. Hingsen did a PR of 10.95, worth 817. Thompson credited his own swiftness so early in the season to his training for three months in San Diego last winter. "It's worth 200 points to him," grumbled Hingsen.

In the long jump, Thompson, who is one of England's best at the event, scared 25' 11 1/4" on his first attempt. He'd planned but one jump, to cut the chance of injury. "But I've got a big one in me, 26' 9" or so," he told Pickering. "Two more jumps won't kill me."

Just then Hingsen shook the earth with his takeoff and did 25' 11 1/4", his second PR. Despite his eagerness, Thompson only improved to 26' 1" and the additional jumps did hurt him. "A twinge in the back," he said.

They went to the shot. Hingsen was showing more emotion with each event. After releasing the steel ball with a shout, he stood trembling in the ring.

Jane jolted her rival, Anke Vater, with a 158' 4" in the javelin throw.

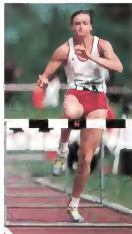
watching it land at 52' 4". Thompson replied with a silent, well-balanced throw of 50' 2 3/4", a best for him in the decathlon. He passed his last throw, content. "That was a test of the sore back," said Pickering.

"No," said Thompson. "I'm afraid the high jump will be." He has jumped 7' 3/4", remarkable for a man 5' 11" and 190 pounds, but he had an early miss at 6' 5 1/4", hitting the bar on the way up. Hingsen cleared 6' 7 1/2", 6' 8 3/4" and 6' 10" on his first tries. Thompson slipped over each time. At 6' 11", both missed twice. Thompson turned away from Hingsen's last try. The crowd told him Hingsen had made it.

Thompson immediately raced at the bar "I was ready," he said later. He had the height, but not in the right place. As Thompson and the bar descended together, Hingsen grinned in ferocious ecstasy. Yet the West German could go no higher and so only diminished Thompson's lead by 25 points. All he had done was help goad Thompson into the 400 that would turn this from a promising start into a historic event.

It rained in the night. But at 9:45 a.m. Sunday, the 110 hurdles gleamed in bright sun. "We were going into the wind," said Thompson. "I figured the main thing was to run hard." Again he and Hingsen were in neighboring lanes. Thompson got a superb start and led at the first hurdle. He has a lunging, wild style, notable for waving arms. The





smoother Hingsen gained at each hurdle—especially the five that Thompson hit—but Thompson kept lurching ahead between the barriers. He won in 14.31 to Hingsen's 14.52. "Went well," Thompson said. Privately, he now thought this was the day to break 9.000.

Thompson threw 145' 6" in the discus, better than when he had set his world record in 1980. Hingsen, who looks as if he could throw 200 feet, simply spun softly and reached only 147' 8". "The pole vault will be the key," said Pickering, and he would be right.

Meanwhile, Frederick was in good spirits. She had had no trouble with her hamstring in the long jump and went 20' 3/4". Yet she lost the lead to Vater, who flew 21' 3/4" and was in front by 37 points with two events to go. That lasted only until Frederick's second javelin throw, which floated 158' 4". Vater did 116' 9", so there was a 297-point swing in Frederick's favor. She finished up with a personal best of 2:12.84 in the 800, which gave her an American record of 6,423 points, the highest ever behind the 6,716 world record and 6,621 and 6,551 performances of East Germany's Ramona Neubert.

"It was surprise after surprise out there," said Frederick. "I've decided to be more calm about all this. You know, some of it, the high jump especially, was just a joy to me."

That was about where she and Thompson parted ways. "The last three

were trauma events, no question," he said. In the vault, he missed twice at 16' 1", seeming out of control at the top of his ascents. The head wind grew stronger by the minute, yet he drove the pole into the box perfectly on his third try, swung smoothly and cleared by a foot. He came back with the pole balanced jauntily on his shoulder. "I was praying down at this end," he said, as if in astonishment at himself. "I saw a bit of paper on the runway and thought I'd knock it away, but before I got there the wind switched and blew it off."

"I thought, 'Aha. He's on my side.' Understand, now, that I only bother Him when I really need Him." One boost was all Thompson got, however, because he failed three times at 16' 5", so gained no points on the record. "It was enough to escape," he said.

In the javelin the wind came from the right, making it difficult to keep the spear in the landing sector and almost impossible to get it to sail properly. Everyone's marks were subpar. Thompson had thrown 214' 6" in his 1980 record performance. This time he did only 198' 7". Hingsen was even worse, at 190' 7/8".

"I've never, ever, added up all my best marks to see what the point total would be," Thompson said. "That only gives you false hope, because you have to do them all in one meet. The javelin was a case in point."

Thus Thompson went to the 1,500 with 8,122 points (a world class decathlon in itself). To break Kratschmer's world record he needed to run the distance in 4:37. He had done 4:25.5 in his 1980 record. He began the race in earnest, turning the first 400 in 68.4, a 4:16 pace. But at the 600 he slowed abruptly. "The mind was willing," Thompson said, "but the body spoke otherwise." His next lap was 77 seconds, and then came a 76. If Thompson couldn't kick, that pace wouldn't be enough to get the record. But on the final backstretch he rose erect and accelerated. He powered down the home straight in fine style, crossed the line in 4:30.55 and stood there, the new world-record holder with 8,707 points, as his spent opponents dropped to the ground around him.

Thompson didn't even go to his knees, but his face showed what he had been through. "He was a liar, whoever coined that line about victory not making you feel tired," he said. "I've got burning feet, a wrecked back and a sore bum."

Hingsen, game to the last because he felt he had a shot at the world record, too, finished superbly with a 4-23.87 to lift himself to 8,529 points, making him the fourth-best decathlete ever. Hingsen had been second to Kratschmer when his countryman set his world record, and now he had a feeling of *déjà-vu*. "A little more luck in the javelin, or the pole vault . . ." he said wistfully.

Even as he recovered, the usually antic Thompson remained muted, thoughtful. "This sort of score has kind of been in me for a couple of years, so it's more of a relief than a triumph to get it out," he said. "I don't feel a conqueror because you never conquer this thing, although I'm happy to have kept Hollywood Hingsen in second. But I feel more a survivor, yes, to fight another day."

It's hard to be philosophical when you hurt like this, but I think if this means anything, this half-great decathlon, it's that there's an even better one there to enjoy later. One that the announcer finishes by saying, "In first place, with a record of nine thousand . . ." and the rest is lost in the cheer."

AND



Runner-up Hingsen hung up a fine 8,529.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY HART

Reach! Reach!" It's 5:30 a.m., pitch black outside, and most San Francisco Bay Area residents are still asleep. But Gail Roper is jumping up and down in her living room, exhorting her youngest daughter, Sunshine, 13. "That's right! Yeah! Lean forward and reach! Now you're moving!"

Sunshine, in red-and-white-striped pajamas, paddles fiercely while sitting on a stool in the middle of the living room. The stool is standing still, but she is clearly making headway. Her feet planted

by **JOAN ACKERMANN-BLOUNT**

Using different strokes, in the pool and in life, swimmer Gail Roper has set the record for records, with 43



Mistress Of The Masters



firmly on the floor, she reaches farther forward with each stroke, pulling back more air and then reaching forward again with her mother's Hawaiian pine paddle, her mother's impassioned drive.

"That's great! Great!" shouts Roper, mother of seven, full-time student, full-time employee, sometime coach and sometime steersman on an outrigger canoe for the Waikiki Surf Club and, undeniably, the most dominant AAU Masters swimmer ever. Roper, a 1952 Olympian and at one time the world's best woman breastroker, now collects Masters swimming records the way a train conductor collects tickets; she has 43 national records, dozens more than anyone else, male or female. And her freestyle stroke is so clean that she barely ruffles the surface of the water. If her living room were flooded, she could swim through it and the Gauguin prints on the wall would stay dry.

"Gail's just phenomenal," says Jane McAllister, a fellow California Masters swimmer. "Whenever she hits a new age bracket everyone knows she'll break every record in every event. She just does. And don't think we don't all envy her,

Momentarily motionless, Gail enjoys the weekend company of five of her seven kids, clockwise from left, Jennifer, 17, Sarah, 15, Samantha, 16, Jim, 12, and Sunshine, 13.



from tip to toe, envy her with a . . . longing." Small wonder, considering that at 52 Roper swims the butterfly faster than she did when she was 18.

"Hello, loves. How are you today?" Roper says as she reaches up to feed goldfish in a tank on top of her refrigerator in the tiny house she rents in Petaluma, Calif., north of San Francisco. She always seems to be up on her toes, as buoyant in air as she is in water. Sleep plays such a small role in her life that she says the word "nap" as if she were letting an exotic moth out of her mouth. She's quick to break into a soft-shoe in the aisle of a K-Mart, trailing little whirlpools of energy behind her. When she charges through the basement of the San Francisco Aquarium, stopping momentarily to greet her friend the Russian ichthyologist who is hunched over a rockfish, all the thousands of bloated fish suspended upside down in solution in thousands of bottles on hundreds of shelves, all these non-swimming specimens seem to stir slightly when she passes by, as if a tide had just rippled through the basement.

Fish always have been important in Roper's life. She even almost had one named after her. It turned up in a fish auction where she was working in Hawaii. She brought the strange fish to her friend, Dr. Jack Randall, head of ichthyology in the Bishop Museum in Honolulu (after whom the *Randallichthys flammeus* is named). If she had been the first to discover it instead of the second, it might have been named *Roperichthys flammeus*.

"When I was little I used to dive down

to the bottom of the creek near where I lived and hold myself down by grabbing the bottom of a dock," she says. "I'd look around and think, 'This is how it is to be a fish. Wouldn't it be nice if people could live underwater?' Then I'd come up for air and go back down and stay a while. It was so quiet and peaceful.

"I remember looking at the fish to see how they moved. I could see their head motion controlled the rest of the body; like a whip the body would follow the head."

Roper's swimming career is the product of her exceptional determination. In the 50-54 age group, she now holds 30 of 33 possible women's records. The three she doesn't have are for backstroke events. At last week's Masters national short-course championships, held at The Woodlands, near Houston, Roper broke three of her own records, in the 200- and 500-freestyle and the 200 IM.

"I guess the most records I ever had at one time were 62," she says when pressed to think about it. "Hey, would you like some shredded wheat?" she then asks, gesturing toward the 20 or so battered boxes she recently scavenged from a bin behind a supermarket. "Nothing wrong with the cereal," she says with a grin. "Once I found 40 frozen chickens thrown away. They'd been advertised as fresh, so when they arrived at the store frozen they got heaved outside. We ate every last one." She pulls off a man's blue sweater with a couple of holes in it, revealing a T shirt over a slim, youthful body. Roper's sweater, her faded jeans, her running shoes and the three-level

green enamel pagoda in the goldfish bowl were all found in the Bargain Box, a thrift shop in nearby San Rafael.

Besides swimming eight miles a week, Roper is a full-time student at Sonoma State University with a 3.8 grade average; she's one semester away from getting her B.A. in environmental studies. And she has a full-time job, as coordinator of a survey conducted by the Pacific Marine Fisheries Commission. She also has all those children (two by her first husband, now grown and living in Hawaii, and five by her second, with whom they live during the week), one grandchild, a ukulele on which she can only strum *Ain't She Sweet?* and a fishing pole she won in a striped-bass sweepstakes. A closet is crammed with more than 800 medals, trophies and ribbons. ("What is this white ribbon for?" she says, fingering through layers and layers of blue. "Oh, it's for the chickens I entered in the Hawaii state fair.") She also has a Kongzuye, a five-foot wooden cane she got when she climbed Mount Fuji, and notebooks full of pressed algae she has collected and meticulously identified. (Four other volumes she assembled contain almost 300 species of Hawaiian algae and now serve as reference books in the Hawaiian State Division of Aquatic Resources.) And she has an invitation to the White House, where, during Eisenhower's presidency, she, Rocky Marciano, Joe DiMaggio and 22 other athletes were honored. "It was the only time in my life I ever wore a hat," Roper says. The house also contains shelves and shelves of books, including Richard Halliburton's

continued

His Story of His Life's Adventure: A Unique Autobiography of the Famous Young American's World-Wide Pursuit of Danger and Romance.

"Oh, I loved Richard Helliburton," says Roper. "I was going to live a life like his and swim down the Nile, and swim the Hellespont, the Panama Canal, the Miya-jimi in Japan. I wanted to cross the Alps on elephants and go to Egypt, Egypt, ahhh. Of course, when I was growing up women weren't supposed to be adventurous unless they were Amelia Earhart and they died doing what they were doing. I never died. Here I am."

She began as Gail Peters, born in Trenton, N.J., on June 23, 1929, daughter of a former Miss Trenton and a man who left home when Gail was six months old.

"Our house was out on this stretch of land, kind of like an island," says Roper, in her silver Datsun pickup truck en route to Sacramento. "The Sanhuan Creek, a tributary of the Delaware, ran right in front of our home. There was a hydroelectric plant on the point so there was a lot of current in the water, really strong current; you had to learn how to swim well if you wanted to get home. I used to float down to Bloomfield Avenue and then swim back home against the current two blocks up to Mount Vernon."

"Girls weren't supposed to swim hard back then. There was a partition down

the middle of the pool at school: girls on one side, boys on the other. The boys could swim back and forth without stopping to rest. The girls used to have to swim a lap and then walk or go hand over hand across the width of the pool before we could swim another length. When I heard that the boys would swim a whole mile without stopping, I thought gee, I'd like to try that."

"I managed to get into the pool once all alone when I was about 17, and I started swimming back and forth, back and forth. What a sensation! It felt wonderful. When I'd almost swum a mile I felt this hand on my shoulder. There was the coach, yelling, 'No, no, no! You'll injure yourself! Girls shouldn't do this! You'll ruin your heart! You won't be able to have children when you grow up! Get out, get out, get out!'"

"Oh, it was the dark ages of swimming back then," she says. "I didn't really even think about competition until my senior year in high school, 1946. The New Jersey Junior Championships were held at my school, and I entered the 50-yard freestyle. That's when I learned that only the first three people got medals. I came in fourth. I wanted a medal so bad, I had to get one the next year."

"But my mother wanted me to go to college. She got hold of my father somehow and asked him to pay for my tuition. I hadn't seen him in over 16 years and I

went into New York City to meet him. I told him over the phone that I'd meet him in the Metropolitan Museum of Art near the Egyptian tomb. You know that tomb at the end of *Catcher in the Rye*? I loved that tomb, way before Salinger wrote the book."

Roper was more impressed by the tomb than by her father.

"Oh, he was just some stranger. It was no big deal meeting him."

Growing up without a father and as the only child in a bustling home with an active mother, grandparents, uncles and aunts, Gail spent much of her time roaming around on her own. With no imposed boundaries, physical or spiritual, her untethered energies were free to buck and romp. That mobility of spirit, bolstered by a challenging physicality and good looks, has led to a number of run-ins with men—husbands and coaches—but she always is able to disentangle herself and move on. "I'm good at practicing brinkmanship," she says. "I'm always one hour ahead of the posse."

Roper still is too independent to care much what people think of her; she gives no thought, for instance, to what the suburban housewives around her might think when she speeds a night sleeping in her truck.

"My father did agree to pay for my education at Trenton Junior College where I began studying art," Roper says, "but I realized I had to decide between swimming and going to school. I chose swimming. It's not that I wanted a career in it or anything. All I wanted was to win that 50-yard freestyle. My father got mad and lost interest in me and never supported me again."

"I used to have to take a bus to Philadelphia to train because nobody would let me swim in Trenton. I would sell my clothes, my radio, anything to get money to ride that old smelly blue bus. And just to swim in this pool in the basement of some building in Philadelphia an hour away, oh, it was an awful pool—20 square yards of dirty water. My girl friend and I used to break into Kotex machines to get money to eat and ride the bus."

"Nobody would coach me. Once I hitchhiked in the snow to New Brunswick [N.J.] to meet this coach I'd heard about. He told me I should find a man to live with who would support me so I could pay this coach \$20 a week to coach me. Swell! I hitchhiked home. Then I

continued

In spite of her bad knees, Roper includes running among her many regular activities.



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asked the coach of the boys' high school swim team if he would coach me. He said no, too.

"It's true I was a scrawny little thing. I knew I wasn't strong, and I didn't have natural talent. I figured I'd have to learn to be efficient and perfect my stroke; I would develop the smoothest, nicest, sleekest stroke possible. I went to the library and read a book by Bob Kiputh [Yale's legendary swimming coach]. When he'd write about 'eliminating rolling,' I'd go swim and try to figure out what he meant; that's how I learned to keep my shoulders level."

It took Gail two years—or until she was 19—of reading and practicing to implant in her undernourished arms a stroke that would win the 50-yard free-style at the Junior Championships. She hadn't planned on competing after that victory, but within a year she'd acquired seven trophies, 72 medals and a habit of entering as many different events as possible. The first time she competed in a breaststroke event, she won the women's national junior AAU 200-meter championship. At that time the breaststroke was so loosely defined that it was permissible to recover one's arms over the water, as in the butterfly stroke.

"Actually I learned how to butterfly by mistake," she says. "On my 18th birthday at Clementon Lake Park I had to swim the individual medley, and I was so nervous that when I took my first stroke for the breaststroke my hands came up and out of the water. The rules said you had to continue that stroke for the length of the pool and I found myself going faster."

It wasn't until Gail reached the ripe old age of 22, when many swimmers consider retiring, that she met Jim Campbell of Washington, D.C., who coached star freestyler Mary Freeman. The encounter occurred at the 1951 AAU National Outdoor championships in Detroit, where Roper finished last in the 200-meter breaststroke, but she persuaded Campbell to take her on. She moved to Washington, got a job as a military geology draftsman and swam for Campbell at the Walter Reed Hospital swim club.

"I'd never really determined to get it out and fight until I swam for Campbell," Roper says. "I'd always been afraid that I'd fall apart during a race; you know, really just . . . explode. I'd been told for so long that my ovaries would burst."

When Gail was 23 she set an Ameri-



Playing dress-up with Mom's medals is a special treat for Jim, Roper's youngest child.

can record, winning the 200-meter breaststroke at the Olympic Trials in Indianapolis with a time of 3:02.6. She didn't make the finals at the Helsinki Olympics because of a pulled ligament in her left ankle. It was in the following year that Gail swam her best time in the 100 breaststroke (3:18.0) and was ranked No. 1 in the world. That was also the year she fell out with Campbell, took her last military geology paycheck and headed west on a bus.

After she got to California a famed Hawaiian coach, Soichi Sakamoto, asked her to swim in the prestigious Keo Nakama meet in Honolulu. Gail went, won the 100 fly and ended up, with \$12 in her pocket, on a plane headed for Japan with a men's team that had been invited there. When she landed, officials blinked a few times but then asked her to go on a three-week tour of Japan. Her marriage to Johnnie Hayasaka, a sportswriter who interviewed her during the tour, was written up in *Parade* magazine because it was so unusual for an American woman to marry a Japanese man. NEW JERSEY GAIL MEETS TOKYO BOY . . . THE STORY OF A UNIQUE INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE read the headline.

For the next 20 years Gail didn't compete. When she had her first child, while working as a cartographic draftsman for U.S. military intelligence in Tokyo, she assumed she had to give up competition.

"I'd been brainwashed into thinking that once you had kids you were old, grown-up, mature," she says. "Adults didn't compete and run around in bathing suits."

Hayasaka landed a job with Japan Air Lines in Honolulu, and the family moved to Hawaii. Gail had her second child, another girl, and coached the Hickam Air Force Base swim team, which won the state Junior Olympic championship. After a seven-year marriage, she went through an unpleasant divorce from Hayasaka. Unable to find adequate work, she was forced to send her daughters to stay with her mother in New Jersey. She remained in Honolulu, met an out-of-work mortgage financier named Jim Roper, married him in 1963, sent for the girls and moved to Petaluma, where she had her five other children.

"He liked me barefoot and pregnant," she says. "I was terribly frustrated then, not stimulated at all mentally, and I put a lot of energy into coaching the Petaluma swim club."

"I remember Sunbunt was born on a Tuesday, and the next Saturday I was at the Redwood Empire Championships, which we won. I went and sat on a big pillow in 100-degree temperature; I couldn't let my team down."

She used to bring her children with her to practice, wrapping them up in blankets by the side of the pool. When they got old enough to swim, she coached them as well.

Then, in 1971, unhappy in her second marriage to a man who resented the time she spent at the swim club ("He used to flush my bathing suits down the toilet; we had a terrible plumbing problem," she says), Roper saw a notice in *Swimming World* announcing a Senior Olympics in Los Angeles.

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"It was four months after the birth of Jim and I was still overweight," she says. "I went and met an old friend there who had trained, really trained, just for the occasion. I beat her. I won all five events I entered, but I almost killed myself doing it. I thought, this isn't what adults are supposed to do, but it made me feel won-



On the job, Roper carefully measures fish.

derful. When I heard about the Masters competition, I thought, I'm going to see what I can do if I train."

"She trained her head off and just amazed everybody," says Ann Curtis Cuneo, who won gold medals in the 400-meter freestyle and 400-meter relay in the 1948 Olympics. "She made a comeback in Masters swimming that's incredible. People thought, how long can she last? But she's still going strong."

Roper's success in swimming only exacerbated the tension of an already degenerating marriage. Finally in 1975, fol-

lowing a violent argument, she left Jim and took the six youngest children back to Hawaii. After three years of struggling on welfare, she had to send them back to Jim in Petaluma.

"I had dumb jobs like staining ashtrays at Coco Joe's," she says. "Then I went to a place in Kaneohe called Woman House, a resource center for women. I thought something was terribly wrong with me; I wasn't able to make it. They encouraged me to go back to school. When I scored really well on the entrance exam to Windward Community College, I was in shock because I'd always thought I was a dummy."

"That's when my life started opening up to me. In my late 40s as I began to get an education. Till then I'd been so naive, not knowing anything about politics or the environment. I took a course in identification of Hawaiian fish, and that's what got me into my career. I got a job working at the fish auction house in Honolulu and working for the Survey Marketing Service interviewing fishermen."

In 1979, after a year and a half of being away from her children, she moved back to Petaluma to be near them and transferred to Sonoma State.

"She's an inspiration," says Zada Taft, 62, the oldest woman to swim the span of the Golden Gate Bridge. "I emulate her."

"It's her self-discipline that's so unbelievable," says Larry Lack of Novato, Calif., who coaches Roper. "I love to see her practice with 18-year-old guys. You can see the lines of horror on her face after doing 60 or 70 75s on a minute but she doesn't complain. So those guys don't dare complain."

"You have to have a lot of mental power to win," says Roper, her right hand deep inside the guts of a fish she's examining. "Bocaccio, 430 mm." She announces the name and length of the fish to Jim, 12, her youngest child and only son, who writes down the information on a survey sheet. She's out on Tide's Pier at Bodega Bay, one of the many places her work takes her to. Her job is to record the catches of recreational fishermen for a survey designed to measure the impact of such activity on the area.

"It's like there's this energy out there," says Roper, her eyes narrowing, "and it's suspended in mist, or cobwebs. You have to collect that energy to win." Her long, lean fingers, covered with fish scales and blood, comb the air as if picking cotton

out of it. "You have to time it right so all the energy pools together at just the right moment when you need it, because you can't sustain that high a level of concentration for long. When I get an A on an exam, it's the same gathering up of mental energy. When I'm on my way to a swim meet I'll listen to Stravinsky's *Petrushka*, just to help me get primed. I feel I can will myself to swimming a record, because I gather up these forces to explode at the right time."

"Oh, look here." With a fingernail she cuts into a large egg sac, releasing a blue froth of eggs. "Too bad we can't put the eggs back into the ocean." She sighs and reaches for another fish. "Yellowtail, 425 mm." "Two more." "Langcod, 710 mm. Cowcod, 480 mm." Roper stands amidst a throng of gruff, bearded fishermen who shuffle about her, dragging burlap bags full of fish. They flirt with her, cracking jokes, while she lovingly strokes the skin of the fish she measures.

"I think I must be a reincarnation of a Hawaiian fishperson, maybe some woman who lived by the sea," she says. "I feel a great affinity for the beautiful land. Aloha 'Aina says it all: love of the land. I want to go back to Hawaii and protect Aloha 'Aina; I want to get into aquaculture, fish farming, to protect the beautiful species of Hawaiian fish so they don't disappear."

But she'll continue her own form of aquaculture. "As long as I'm alive I'll keep trekking to the swimming pool," she says. "You know, athletics should be for older people in particular because they need it more. When your body starts to deteriorate, that's when you have to exercise and take care of it, to improve the quality of your life. You shouldn't just sit around and live to give presents to your grandchildren. When I coach, I try to get the parents to swim. They come and sit and watch their kids swim, and I tell them, 'Get a suit and hop in!' Swimming's fun, even in the rain and the cold."

"Isn't this fun?" she asks suddenly, stopping to take in the scene around her, a small bocaccio in her right hand and a lingcod in her left. "You know, I love my kids, I love my courses, I love my job. And when I'm swimming . . . oh, I feel like I'm flying." She takes a deep breath. "Tomorrow morning I'm going bird watching, this weekend I'm going salmon fishing, next week I'll be in a three-K road race and I'll start my t'ai-chi classes. I just have these terrific days." **END**



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GAME NO.	PLAYER CAN DIRECT HIS MISSILE	ENEMY SHIPS MOVE IN RANDOM FASHION	PLAYER CAN MOVE HIS SHIP IN RANDOM TALLY	COLLISION DESTROYS SPACE SHIP
1				
2				
3				
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wreck back. They wheeled it in on a sort of stretcher device; actually, it was more like what they wheel coffins down the aisle on. In fact, by then, Phil Krueger's car was about the size of a coffin.

I asked a knowledgeable veteran Indy expert, a native, what happened. "Got loose in the turn," he explained.

For an instant I brightened. Then I remembered: No, loose is bad. "Will the driver live?" I asked.

"Oh, this doesn't look like a fatal, but I'll tell you one thing: He'll sure be doing a lot of sheet time."

Sheer time? Now that is loose. And I'll tell you one thing: As far as I'm concerned, the Indy 500 is loose. Everybody told me I had to go there, had to see it. If you're in my business and you've been to the World Series and Wimbledon, the Super Bowl and the Derby, you must see an Indy, too, everyone says, because you'll get goose pimples at the start and because Indy is the quintessential American sporting event, the largest slice of Americana. I adore what usually passes for Americana. I love country music, county fairs, bumper stickers, Cypress Gardens, high school basketball, salad bars and It's A Small, Small World.

My credentials are almost all in order. Almost. You see, I don't care much about cars. I am a failure as an American that way.

One day in Indianapolis I went to an automobile memorabilia show at a motel. There was a little booth there, with a photographer, and the sign on it said ASK ABOUT A CUSTOM PORTRAIT OF YOUR CAR. I stared at that for a long time. I stared at the sample custom portraits. I was dumbfounded. To me, the sign on that booth might just as well have said ASK ABOUT

A CUSTOM PORTRAIT OF YOUR FURNACE.

To me, a car is simply what is known in the Army as a vee-HICK-ity; that is, something that gets you from here to there. I guess I was out sick the day they taught my generation to fall in love with cars, and I never made that class up. I don't even know what wracken pnyon steering is, and that's all you hear about these days, apropos cars. In fact, the last time I had to buy a car, I said, "A pnyon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEITH BONDS

Loose is bad.

For me, that was the hardest thing to get used to at the Indianapolis 500. Everywhere else in sports, loose is good. We won because we were real loose. I knew he could get loose over the middle. But loose is out at Indy, and I had a tough time adjusting to this.

During the trials last year, for example, car No. 89, driven by some poor devil named Phil Krueger, crashed. I saw it on the closed-circuit replay. You don't see anything for real at Indianapolis. You just keep watching those TV sets they've got set up in all the press facilities. Now, there are some psycho-social critics who say that people come to Indy just to see drivers get killed. I wouldn't know. But I do know this: If people do go to Indy for that reason, they are barking up the wrong tree, because you don't see anything at Indy except a bunch of colored blurs roaring by.

It was terrible, the way Phil Krueger hit the wall on the TV. I couldn't imagine any human surviving that. I was there in Gasoline Alley when they brought the



Hey, Show Us Your Goose Bumps

The author went to the Indy 500 because he was told he would shiver with excitement. Well, he shivered all right **by FRANK DEFORD**

colada for the lady and the wracken piffa for me."

I'm admitting my total ignorance of cars so that, if you want to, you'll have a perfect excuse to dismiss everything I'm about to say about Indy. An idiot (pervert?) who doesn't even like cars—how could he possibly appreciate the world's greatest automobile race?

I don't even know what names cars have anymore. When I go to rent a car—

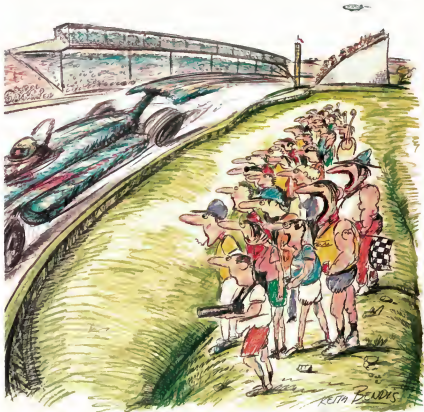
I'm listed in the computers as being desirous of an "intermediate," although through the years intermediates have grown to the size of Paraguay—the agent always asks something like, "Do you want a Banshee or a Terrier or a Stalemate or a Meringue?"

And I reply, "Which one is in a blue?" I like blue in cars. And this throws everybody behind the counter into a dither. Apparently, I'm the only good American

who rents motorcars by color. I would like them to change "intermediate" to "blue" in the computer.

So, yes, honest to Betsy, I just don't like cars. But I've always loved the smell of gasoline. Say that for me. I wasn't entirely an innocent at Indy. Really, I only came to the Speedway with two misconceptions, which were that the place had something to do with 1) sports and 2) America.

continued



So many of the people I met at Indy had this race in their heritage. As children, they heard oldtimers tell tales of Indy, listened to it on the radio, dreamed of that golden Memorial Day—or better, in this context, the old Decoration Day—when they might actually go to the Brickyard to see the race themselves. Again and again, the word people favored in describing their trips to Indy was “pilgrimage,” and certainly there were overtones of a religious experience.

This was still so foreign to me, coming, as I do, from the effete old East, where races are things only thoroughbreds run. Indy? Until I went to the 500, Memorial Day meant only two things to me: headlines appearing, year after year, saying HOLIDAY ROAD DEATH TOLL MOUNTS, and the fact that now beaches and pools were officially open for the summer. Yes, to be sure, as a kid I’d always looked in the paper the next morning to see who had won the race and—more important—to discover which shimmering Hollywood beauty had been lured to Indiana to kiss the grimy winner in Victory Lane. To me, she invested the annual cliché Wirephoto with more credence than did the obscure driver. Linda Darnell, the kisser in 1949, still occupies an athletic antechamber of my memory, comfortably

lounging there with Al Gionfriddo, Jack Fleck and Conn McCree.

And then when LIFE magazine arrived a few days later, there always would be a two-page black-and-white ad for Firestone tires, with a picture of the winning driver in his car. The winner always rode on Firestones, which impressed me. I didn’t know at the time that most years Firestone was the only tire at Indy, just as Goodyear is today. Firestone then, as Goodyear now, finished last in the 500 every year, too, but that point was never brought to the attention of the impressionable readers. The ad also supplied the winning speeds of the past winners, and all in all I learned more about the 500 from the paid Firestone advertisement than I did from anything else that appeared in the free press. This should have told me something early on about Indy and commercialism.

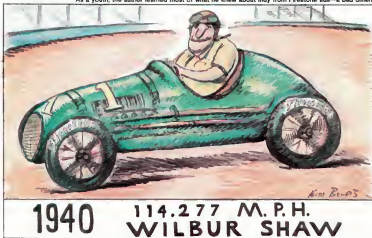
I also marveled at the great hordes that always attended this event. The crowd, estimated each year at upwards of a quarter-million people, was much larger than any that attended a World Series game or the Rose Bowl or the Kentucky Derby or any of the other famous American sporting events that were within my ken and whose attendance was certified, live, on television, more often than not by Mel

Allen. A blind faith in Linda Darnell will take you only so far.

The Speedway now has seats for 238,000. On race day, another 80,000 or more souls populate the infield, so that I imagine that the preacher who gave the prerace invocation last year was not far from the truth in calling the mob “the largest assemblage of humanity on the planet earth.” Yet things are so spread out at Indy—the track is 2½ miles around, and a nine-hole golf course is tucked away in one section of the infield—that the sense that there’s a huge crowd on hand is diminished when you are there. Alas, you only truly appreciate how many folks go to Indy when you’re stuck in traffic trying to get to the damn place.

Understand, though, that the vast majority of the fans who migrate to Indy each May are solid, God-fearing, salt-of-the-earth types, like Jack Middleton of Naugatuck, Conn., who runs the memorabilia collectors’ show in downtown Indianapolis every year before the race. Jack and several friends—and now his teen-age daughter Mari—pile into a car each year after work on Friday and drive straight through, 15 hours, to Indy, where they stay in the same nice little motel several miles out in the bushes.

As a youth, the author learned most of what he knew about Indy from Firestone ads—a bad omen.



They sit in the same seats on the first turn, and they never fail to have a wonderful time. They meet old friends. They swap car talk. They love the race and the sport. I like what Thomas Binford, the Speedway's chief steward, says: "I can't justify racing. You either like it or you don't. It's just the way it is."

Fine. Unfortunately for so many people like Jack Middleton, who do love racing, their waters are fouled by scores of thousands of creeps who inundate the Speedway, and, philosophically at least, assume command. To swell the precious attendance figures, the people who run Indy will apparently let their customers do most anything they want.

Stop and swill decorate the place—and not just the simple trash we can expect at most large modern folk gatherings these days. At Indy, you must pick your way through piles of discarded chicken bones and barbecue meat fat, as well as the more conventional no-deposit, no-return wastes. The night before last year's race, 75,000 friends of racing roamed the streets of Speedway (the suburban municipality where the track is located), overwhelming the 27 cops on the local force and their reinforcements from neighboring communities. Forty-eight arrests were made.

On race day, the mood in the infield seems ugly compared, say, with that at Churchill Downs on Derby Day, which is just as steamy and packed, but where the atmosphere is light and mischievous.

At Indy the cars roll by generally unwatched by the infield denizens. Most of the radios are turned to rock, not the race. Unlike other athletic events, where the fans have a great emotional involvement with the outcome of the competition, there appears to be little rooting interest among most of the Indy spectators, and as you and I know all too well, an idle mind is the devil's workshop. So it is in the infield at Indy that one thought seems to prevail: "Show Us Your Tits."

That is a common cry. Signs expressing this sentiment are prominently erected all over, and graphic T-shirts and buttons making this appeal may be purchased from shops and vendors outside the Speedway. Twice I watched as well-endowed young ladies were so affable as to go along with the request, and on both occasions they appeared lucky to escape with their lives, let alone their bosoms.

Curiously, though, there is a peaceable atmosphere in some parts of the infield.

Candy apples and cotton candy do a brisk trade, and booths selling film are conveniently located, just as in Disneyland. It's not grass of any sort that one smells—and not gasoline, either—but skin simmering in coconut oil and meat over charcoal. Even the leather-jacketed motorcycle set inclines toward hibachis, though of the petite sort: the better to be transported on bikes. Altogether, much

low roller-skating. They were so far away from the action—both in distance and in frame of mind—that none had seen or heard Ongas explode into sheet time.

Why do these people do it? Why do they fight through traffic for as many as three hours to pay to get into an event they can't see very well, assuming they want to see it? Nobody could ever really tell me. It had just always been the thing



The race is seldom the primary interest of Indy's infield denizens.

of the infield describes a grotesque suburbia, as might have been pointed by Bosch.

Moreover, once you get away from the beered-up hordes near the turns and over toward the golf course, the air is nearly pastoral. Well into the '81 race, just as Danny Ongas' car crashed, turning into a fiery bomb, I encountered quiet kids happily chucking a baseball around, people napping under trees, a few modest lovers contemplating the world and one another, even some joggers and one fel-

so do; it was the place to be on Memorial Day in Indiana. In a nutshell: pilgrimage.

And the Speedway just keeps counting all the bodies. Currently there is no live TV for fear this might draw some of the mobs away. Yet strangely, although attendance is so important to the 500, official figures are never released. Maybe the announced numbers, unquestioned for so long, are fraudulent. Or suppose that one year only 314,000 showed up instead of the 315,000, or whatever it was, of the year before? Why, that might cast asper-

continued

"...Sirocco is still the one to beat."

—POPULAR MECHANICS

"...a hard-charging fun-to-drive machine."

—CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

"...exceptional performance and cornering."

—ROAD & TRACK

"This car is simply a blast to drive!"

—CAR and DRIVER



What drove the experts to say all this?

Was it the fact that Sirocco goes from 0 to 50 in just 8.5 seconds?

Or the fact that it comes with CIS fuel injection?

Was it Sirocco's singular dual-diagonal brakes?

Or its breakthrough aerodynamic design?

Its unerring feel for the road? Or its uncanny directional control?

Regardless of which feature inspired the quotes from these experts,

we hope these quotes will inspire you to visit your Volkswagen dealer.

After all, that's the only way you'll ever get the most important opinion of all on Sirocco.

Your own.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.





The all-important attendance figures are nothing but guesstimates by local police.

sions on Indianapolis. So instead of an official tally, the track officials—get this—hand out a crowd “estimate” that is conjured up by the local police. Cops are notorious the world over for inflating the size of crowds they control, but at the 500 everybody prints their annual estimate as gospel.

Indianapolis is really a junior partner of Detroit and Akron, and commerce is much more involved with automobile racing than it is with any other sport. Nowadays, businesses routinely entertain clients at sports events, but nowhere is the entertaining more lavish than at Indy, where suites on the second turn fetch up to \$30,000 in yearly rent. And that’s the swankiest aspect of the grubby marketplace aura that presses down on the whole scene.

Not only the cars but also the drivers and anybody even remotely associated with the race have been turned into moving billboards. Here, for example, is what just one driver, a journeyman named Gary Bettenhausen, was wearing advertisements for: Valvoline, Champion, Monroe, Diehard, Bear, Locitite, STP, Premier, Ideal. About the only place on his person not rented out for ad space was his fly.

As a matter of fact, except for the

leather crowd, just about everybody at Indy dresses in logoed caps or T-shirts or, preferably, both. The most inspired creation in this area, professional division, is one Linda Vaughn, who perfectly combines Indy’s fascination with big-breasted women and billboard fashion. Linda is blonde, as you might expect, and a 42D, in round figures, and she has been Miss Hurst Golden Shifter for the past 14 years. She’s a fixture at Indy. Among her many Hurst Golden Shifter outfits is a mink jacket made in a checkered-flag pattern. “I dress for the sponsors, the racers, the crews, their families and the fans,” Vaughn explains, “so I need a versatile wardrobe.” She has been such an unmitigated success in this regard that now there are six Hurstettes, all constructed in her image.

Shilling at Indy is as audible as it is visible. The P.A. announcer is unlike any other of his species in sports. Last year it was his job to tout Goodyear and Buick Regal, the pace car, to his captive, paying audience. When not spouting those two names over and over, he would start working the crowd in the manner of an oldtime carny Barker: “He’s really turning it on. All eyes are on him. Thanks for being here today. We just know you’re going to love the show. Over four and a half hours of action. Ladies and gentlemen, we’ve still got some fast cars back there sitting, ready to run.

Here’s Danny Ongais, whose very name means speed!” These days Indy fans are conditioned to responding to what the P.A. announcer tells them, rather than what they think they see with their eyes. At the time trials, the spectators wouldn’t cheer when a fast car came speeding by; instead they would wait until after the car had passed out of sight and the announcer screamed what speed it was making. Bobby Unser, who won the 1981 race, at least the last time I heard, told me, “Most fans here have no idea how fast the cars are going.”

Whenever they spot a microphone, the drivers themselves seem to become incapable of speaking without invoking brand names. In effect, the drivers—A.J. Foyt, the only four-time Indy winner, being the possible exception—have become indistinguishable from other automotive accessories. Every popular American sport except automobile racing has offered up heroes in the last few years whose recognition factor has extended far beyond their own athletic territory. In racing even the best drivers are presented in such a tawdry way that they appear to be nothing more than empty helmets, crowded sandwich boards. I suspect that for the general American public the most famous name in racing is still Andy Granatelli, and he has been out of the sport for years. But in a game that is based so much on the commercial, Gran-

continued

A photograph of a white horse running towards the left in a grassy field. A wooden fence is visible in the background. The horse is captured in motion, with its legs extended and mane flowing. The overall tone of the image is warm and slightly desaturated.

Marlboro

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette — 100's: 16 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 81

Country



atelli was the most commercial of all, and, hence, the undisputed champion.

The drivers appeared most human when, the morning before the race, all 33 qualifiers were lined up, seated in order, on a little grandstand erected at the finish line. As a group, they were pale and withdrawn, obviously uncomfortable being put on display without being wrapped in their protective garments and steel machines. Unlike other professional athletes who learn to take command in a crowd, even to relish milking it, the drivers seemed uneasy when they were singled out in any way. They would wave to fans, but barely, quickly and bashfully, and what distinguished them most was their styness, a collection of 33 average-sized white men, mostly middle-aged, almost all American, nearly homogeneous in dress and attitude.

I came away with the distinct impression that auto racing is somewhat apart from the rest of the athletic world. Race fans seem much more likely to care only about their own love, unlike most sports fans, who follow a variety of games in addition to their favorite. Likewise, few members of the general sports press carry auto racing in their portfolio, leaving it to a tight cadre of specialty journalists.

Read this from the "Speaking of Speed" column by George Moore in *The Indianapolis Star*, and then call me on my 800 number and translate it into Es-

peranto for me: "This basis is double overhead cams and four valves per cylinder, an arrangement in which it is possible to achieve maximum valve area per given amount of displacement. Some other factors such as the use of aluminum for the heads and block for lightweight (sic), a short five main bearing crank, and this year updated fuel injection which has but a single butterfly valve in the induction system instead of the individual valves at the intake ports are going to make it a tough engine to beat."

May I offer a suggestion? You want to get to know Indianapolis—or Indianapolis, as the natives call it? You want to see real honest-to-goodness Americana? Then skip the Speedway and concentrate on the "500" Festival Memorial Parade. It's always held the day before the race in downtown Indianapolis. It's crowded, but it's not dirty; it's promoted, but it's not commercial.

In an editorial about the parade—an editorial about a parade?—the *Star* praised it as follows: "Unique, special, spine-tingling . . . spectacular, colorful, breathtaking . . . [symbolizing] variety, verve, nerve, pride, individualism, teamwork and freedom . . . the festive humanity of the nation's heartbeat showing off right in the middle of the nation's heartland. . . . The '500' Festival Parade conjures up the thrills and personalities of an epic past, blends them into the excitement of the present and opens the way to the dreams of tomorrow."

God only knows what the Indianapolis editorial writers have in reserve for the cure for cancer and the Second Coming.

The drivers at Indy look much less like athletes than like a lot of congested billboards.

And, of course, all that stuff the paper claims for the parade is nonsense. The wonderful thing about parades is precisely that none of them can ever get any better. The science of building floats, not to say the art, came to a grinding halt years ago. One float in the "500" Festival Parade was actually labeled "America and Apple Pie." The music was *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. Bent that. No way.

Of all the celebrities in last year's parade, The Oak Ridge Boys got the biggest hand. Wilma Rudolph and Tai Babbler represented women's sports on one float. All the drivers, excepting Foyt and the Whittington brothers, who thumbed their noses at the parade, rode in open-topped cars. The people packed around the World War II monument at Vermont and Meridian actually cheered enthusiastically for both the governor and the mayor. Miss Hurst Golden Shifter was also a popular display, about on a par with the Iranian Hostage float and a Spanish-American War veteran in an antique car. The grand marshal was Joyce DeWitt, and I was advised that she was third banana on a TV series. Everybody else knew exactly who she was. Also they knew who Kent McCord was. Big hand for Kent McCord.

The '81 parade was prime-time America. And the Goodyear blimp was overhead, certifying it. If the blimp is somewhere, then that's reason enough why we should be there, too. By January 1989, if the Goodyear blimp isn't at the inauguration, it won't count.

Of all the things at the Speedway itself, what I liked best was the guy who waves the checkered flag and all the other various colored flags at the start-finish line. His name is Duane Sweeney, and he showed me a terrific style, great wrists. Best of all, of course, he doesn't make any noise.

The weekends before the race itself are handed over to qualifying. (Surely you are familiar with Carburetion Day, the Arbor Day of the athletic world.) During qualifying, nothing happens for minutes, even hours. Then, suddenly, they rush a car out and it zooms around the track a few times, and then everybody listens to the P.A. to find out if they've seen something worthwhile.

After a driver has completed his run, he pulls his car up in the





Indy should check its embarrassing trophy and bring back the shimmering movie stars.

pits for photos. Quick as a flash he yanks off his helmet and puts on a cap that says GOODYEAR across the front. And then he strikes a pose. It's the damndest thing you ever saw. Every driver strikes the same pose, perched up on the back of his seat, one leg bent just so, looking pouty and coy, exactly like a Hollywood starlet, circa 1947, posing for stock cheeseecake.

In fact, the old Brickyard has stood still in many ways. Only the cars move fast here. There are virtually no blacks in attendance. I actually saw women in honest-to-goodness miniskirts—the old kind, not the new ones that are making a comeback among the disco crowd. At the Speedway Motel, the 500's prime hostelry, many people eat in the restaurant with their hats on. The Speedway logo is preciously dated: a tire with little bird wings coming out of it, to suggest speed. It reminded me of the old comic strips in which, whenever anybody lost any money, dollar bills would be shown flying away on the same sort of little wings. The

men on the Safety-Patrol (hyphenated for some reason) wear yellow shirts with the winged tires on them.

But loooset of all is the Indy trophy. Naturally, this incredibly ugly award is a freebie, donated by a company (Borg-Warner). It has bas-relief heads of all the winning drivers around its base. The top features a large male nude, a Grecian Duane Sweeney, waving a checkered flag. And you think Miss Hurst Golden Shifter looks foolish.

Alas, beyond the six-figure first-place money, the trophy is about all the winning driver gets now. Unser refused the traditional bottle of milk even though the winning driver gets \$2,500 if he drinks it and there is no longer a movie star to buss the winner's sweaty countenance. Instead, he is whisked, posthaste, out of Victory Lane, out of his own car, the winning car, and interviewed while perched on the pace car.

I had been told again and again that no matter what sporting preferences a person might have, the Indianapolis 500 was bound to raise goose bumps. Especially at the start. Even Jackie Stewart, who raced and won all over the world, told me there was nothing like the start at Indy—all those people, the place and the noise, the memories. I asked him exactly what happens.

"You get goose bumps," Jackie Stewart said.

So I wanted some, too. On race day I got up before six o'clock at my hotel—\$104 for a room posted at \$40, three-night minimum required, a highway robbery discreetly overlooked when it comes to tabulating Indianapolis' lowest-in-the-country crime rate. At a quarter to seven, four miles from the track, I was already fighting bumper-to-bumper snail traffic. By the time I at last reached the Brickyard a wave of humanity was breaking upon the place. All the establishments in the immediate area had, in deceitful self-defense, posted signs saying that their toilets were out of order. For sale everywhere were T shirts, belt buckles, earrings, fireworks, assorted cowboy gear and SHOW US YOUR ITTS buttons. Everybody carried something to eat and drink.

At last, as the race neared its traditional 11 a.m. starting time, Phil Harris sang *Back Home Again In Indiana*. Then thousands of balloons were released to the heavens. "Drivers to your cars, drivers to your cars," I heard over the P.A. system. And soon after that: "Gentlemen, start your engines."

I gazed out across the track and the infield, over this incredibly American assemblage, red, white and blue and loud all over. Then, under cover of the roar, the bickered cars began to move out, and just as they started to find their way, the P.A. still started talking over the din, telling us about Goodyear tires and the Buckregalpacocar, and the whole way around the pace lap he kept that up until I understood where we nearly had come to: SHOW US YOUR GOOSE PIMPLES buttons.

Looking back, what frightens me and makes me sad is that I'd hoped Indy would be good and real, America and Americana, something to be proud of. It had never occurred to me that when we talk about the barbarians being at our gates, those gates might actually be the portals of the Speedway.



by Alexander Wolff

would last five minutes and I'd have to warm up again. So in effect I'd have pitched two innings before the game even started. One day I was in a bad mood—it was one of those days where you wake up at 5 a.m. and can't go back to sleep—and I'd had a couple of bad games in a row. Usually the whole team goes out onto the field for the anthem. Well, I told our pitching coach that I'd stay in the dugout."

That didn't sit well with Vern Benson, the St. Louis scout who was managing the club, and he ordered Lollar to the mound. Lollar protested that his arm would only stiffen up if he had to stand out there on the field without his jacket on and that he'd rather stay put. Benson said Lollar had star-spangled better be on the field for the anthem—or he wouldn't pitch. "I gave him my two cents' worth and went out and warmed up," Lollar says. "Then they played the anthem, and my arm stiffened. During the game I tried to squeeze the stuffing out of the ball

runs in April and through Sunday had gone a robust eight-for-23. Says San Diego Shortstop Garry Templeton, "The man's an athlete, and a good athlete is going to be able to hit regardless." Adds Reliever Eric Show, who was a physics major at the University of California at Riverside, "It comes down to whether you can perceive a sphere coming through space at a certain velocity. Tim can."

Lollar's first major league hit, on April 28, 1981, struck the facing of the second deck in Riverfront Stadium for a home run. The pitch? A Tom Seaver fastball. And this year he has pulled a low-and-inside Phil Niekro knuckleball for a homer, hit a high-and-tight fastball past Steve Carlton into centerfield to knock in a run in a 6-0, four-hit shutout of the Phillies; and, in another complete-game win, a five-hit shutout of the Mets, he got an RBI on a groundout after New York

They were playing his song

A lengthy anthem helped turn San Diego's Tim Lollar into an ace lefty

Tim Lollar, the San Diego Padres' 26-year-old smash hit of a lefthander, muddled through last season with a 2-8 record and an ERA that looked like a Richter scale reading on a bad day along the San Andreas Fault. This season he has become San Diego's stopper with, at week's end, two shutouts, a 4-0 record and a 2.57 ERA, not to mention a .348 batting average. Lollar credits his improvement on the mound to neither a new pitch nor a bullpen guru's ministrations, but to the tonic powers of a song that has been on the charts for almost 170 years. *Gloria al Bravo Pueblo*, the Venezuelan national anthem, is a long, martial-sounding tune Lollar got to know well—too well, for his taste—while pitching for Barquisimeto in the Venezuelan Winter League last year.

"I'd go out and warm up and then they'd play the anthem," he says. "It

with each pitch, I was so mad. Afterward I was still steaming."

But his anger over the anthem, the first two lines of which exalt those who throw off the yoke, had uncanceled Lollar's hard stuff—and vindicated Benson's calculated goading. "I just went out there and threw strikes," Lollar says. "I took the ball and said to the hitters, 'Hit it or sit down.' I'm not a 'location' pitcher who uses a paintbrush."

Lollar kept pitching well in spring training and was voted the most improved player in the Padres' camp. "He's much more aggressive with his fastball and slider this year," says Catcher Terry Kennedy. "He's challenging the hitters, not nibbling and musing. He's giving them his best stuff."

He's also challenging pitchers. An All-America designated hitter at the University of Arkansas, Lollar hit two home

Pitcher Charlie Puleo had walked the Padres' No. 8 hitter intentionally. As if he hadn't driven home a point with that RBI, Lollar homered off Puleo his next time up. "I just go up there and look for the Number One [the fastball]," Lollar says. "I swing hard and hope I hit it, and I swing early, before the pitcher has a chance to strike me out. When you only get up every five days, you can't cheat yourself on hacks."

Lollar was a good-sized, at his present 6'3" and 195 pounds, and successful pitcher by the end of his sophomore year at Mineral Area College, a juco near his home in Farmington, Mo. (He's no relation to Sherm Lollar, the former major league catcher who also lived in Missouri.) But it took a chance encounter for Arkansas Coach Norm DeBrynn to hear of him. DeBrynn complimented a pitcher who had just thrown a tight game for

John Brown University against the Hogs. "If you think I'm good, there's someone at my old J.C. who's much better," the pitcher said. "His name is Tim Lollar." Lollar enrolled at Arkansas after DeBrynn pursued the tip, but he hit only .273 and threw just one complete game his junior year while pitching, playing first base and being a DH.

When Cleveland didn't get around to choosing him until the fifth round of the June 1977 draft, Lollar returned to Fayetteville for his senior year. Sticking to pitching and DH-ing, he led the South-west Conference in hitting, with a .409 average, and went 9-3 with a 1.95 ERA. "He's one of the few people who could win in this conference on just one pitch," DeBrynn says. "That's the kind of fastball he has."

The Yankees made him a fourth-round pick in '78 and sent him to their Double-A farm in West Haven, Conn., telling him he could choose between pitching and first base whenever he felt ready. Midway through the 1979 season,

again at West Haven, Lollar made up his mind. "It was obvious to me that he was a pitcher, even if he didn't know it," says Padre lefthander Chris Welsh, who, like Lollar and LaMarr Hoyt (page 26) came up through the Yankee system. "He threw the stink out of the ball. He was a pitcher who could hit, not a hitter who could pitch."

Lollar says, "It's hard enough to make the big leagues as one or the other, and you reach a point where ability can take you only so far. I'd looked at the organization and seen there weren't many left-handed relievers. Then, after the '79 season, they got Tum Underwood and Rudy May, both lefties, and I thought, 'What a dope I am for trying to backdoor my way into the big leagues.'"

The Yankees may already have made their decision on Lollar before he had made his to concentrate on pitching. Toward the end of spring training in 1979, with New York's play sour and George Steinbrenner's demeanor sour, the Yankees hit Florida's Gulf Coast—Stein-

brenner's backyard—for several exhibition games. Goose Gossage and Thurman Munson took Lollar and two other greenhorns out for a night on the town. On their return, they figured the security guards on each floor of the Steinbrenner-owned Bay Harbor Inn were there to protect Yankees from adoring fans. In fact, the rent-a-cops were taking down times and room numbers. Two days later, Manager Bob Lemon fined all five and shipped the three rookies to the minors. "I guess I was going to be sent down anyway," Lollar says. "But I asked Bob if our staying out was the real reason. He said yes."

Though he got a big-league start on the last day of the 1980 season, beating the Tigers 2-1 on two hits over six innings, matters took another unfortunate turn that winter. "It was strange," he says. "The year before George didn't let any of his pitchers play winter ball unless they'd been hurt. But from October '80 to January '81 [Pitching Coach] Stan Williams managed a club in Ponce, Puerto Rico.

continued

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Of the six of us that went, none is with the Yankees."

Lollar believes the winter league team was just a showcase where marketable Yankee prospects could run up stats that would increase their trade value. Indeed, the following spring, Lollar hardly pitched at all. "They couldn't use me," he says. "If I did well for them, how could they justify trading me? And if I did poorly, my value on the market would decrease. Williams told me he'd pencil my name in for the 'A' games and would get overruled from upstairs." Before camp had ended, Lollar was gone to San Diego with Welsh, Joe Lefebvre and Ruppert Jones for Jerry Mumphrey and John Pacella.

Last season's Padres seemed less a team than a collection of individuals. But Dick Williams, San Diego's Padre-familiar, has changed all that. He benched starters Sesto Leciano and Broderick Perkins in spring training when they dogged it on groundouts, and pulled rookie Outfielder Alan Wiggins during a game earlier this month when he missed a take sign. A comprehensive plus-and-minus point system, kept on charts posted in the clubhouse, notes how often each player does such things as advancing a runner from second to third with less than two out or failing to sacrifice when called upon. On this year's Padres, Lollar's 4-0 record isn't as significant as the team's 8-1 mark in games he has started. "Obviously I want to have a good record," Lollar said last week after leaving with a 3-1 lead in the sixth inning of a 5-4, 10-inning defeat of St. Louis that ran San Diego's record to 19-16, good for a surprising second in the National League West. "But it means just as much for the team to get to win. The team concept is what they're trying to instill here."

Until he started moving into a new condominium last Friday, Lollar seemed to be living in his locker, sharing it with, among other things, a few tins of Skoal, a Padre-yellow spittoon, a Lou Holtz doll, a bottle of red wine and a cartoon depicting a shotgun-wielding fireman addressing a middle-aged woman at her front door. The caption: "We got your cut out of the tree, lady." Actually, Welsh and his new wife, Deborah, had been keeping a bedroom for Lollar at their condo. Lollar plans to hold an open condo soon, tapping a keg of beer for everyone who drops by. As they say to pitchers who hit: Help yourself.



AL EAST "Opponents have been laughing at us. It's about time we put the corn on the other foot." Opponents would really have laughed at the Yankees (5-1) if they'd had corn on their feet. Lou Piniella's metaphor may have been garbled, but his .429 hitting helped straighten out New York. So did two victories by Ron Guidry (7-1), one of which was preserved by Reliever Goose Gossage. Gossage, who has 11 saves, also locked up Tommy John's win over the Royals 3-2 and Dave Righetti's 1-0 triumph over the Twins. But a pulled hamstring put Dave Winfield out of commission for at least 15 days.

No one laughed at the Red Sox (5-1). Gary Almon doubled in the 12th to finish off Seattle 6-5. Rich Gedman batted .555, and Bob Stanley fired 8½ innings of one-run relief to defeat Oakland 7-4. Carl Yastrzemski helped settle that game with some frisky base running. Yaz turned a single into a double when he lured Rightfielder Joe Rudi with an easy turn around first and then, after Rudi had less-than-pegged the ball back to the infield, zipped into second. Yaz's pinch-runner then scored the first of a three-run eighth that broke a 4-4 deadlock. Dwight Evans, who tied for the league home-run lead last season, finally hit his first of the year. Manager Ralph Houk stuck up his forearm to keep a wicked foul into the dugout from hitting Stanley. Painful as it was, Houk felt the bruise was worth the effort, because Stanley has yielded only six runs in his last 41 innings. During that time he has picked up 109 of 123 outs via grounders and strikeouts. Another fine pitching performance was the one by Dennis Eckersley, who handcuffed Oakland on three hits while winning 6-0.

Baltimore (4-2) got some respect, too. John Lowenstein slugged his seventh, eighth and ninth homers. After an 81-minute rain delay, Benny Ayala stepped up and slammed a three-run homer that did in Minnesota 4-2. From there on, the pitchers took charge with three consecutive shutouts: Scott McGregor blanked the Twins 6-0, Mike Flanagan, Tim Lincecum and Tippy Martinez whitewashed the Blue Jays 3-0, and Dennis Martinez won another Battle of the Birds 6-0.

"He's always had the power, but he always was an opposite-field hitter," explained Batting Coach Gabe Brown of Detroit (4-2), speaking of Larry Herndon. Brown has taught Herndon how to open his hips and pull the ball. The result: Herndon had three homers and seven RBIs to beat the A's 11-9. That gave Herndon four round-trippers in successive at bats spanning two games, making him the 15th player to accomplish that feat. Her-

ndon, who has never had more than eight hits in a season, already has seven so far this year. He was part of the Tigers' explosive Candlestick Connection—Eddie Cabel and Mike Ivie are the other former Giants in that group—who batted .357 and drove across 21 runs.

Toby Harrah of the Indians (2-4) and Rollie Fingers of the Brewers (2-4) continued to be overachievers. Even though Harrah hit .579 and rained his average to .392, Cleveland clunked into last place. The Indians outlasted the White Sox on Sunday, winning 6-4 in the 14th inning when Andre Thornton singled, Ron Hassey had an RBI double and Rick Manning stroked a run-scoring single. Fingers picked up his ninth save for Milwaukee, No. 281 of his record-setting career.

Jim Clancy of Toronto (3-3) was another pitcher who was in the groove. A 2-0 victory over Cleveland was Clancy's fifth straight.

BOX 28-13 DET 25-14 MIL 20-19 NY 20-19
BAL 18-21 TOR 17-23 CLE 16-23

AL WEST While driving to the ball park, Larry Gura of the Royals (3-1) saw a kitten that had been struck by a car. As Gura put the kitten in his truck so he could get it medical attention, it bit him on his pitching hand. "I didn't know if I'd be able to grip the ball," said Gura, who grasped it well enough that night to shut out the Yankees 7-0, giving him a 9-2 record and 2.19 ERA against them since they traded him in 1976. Dennis Leonard also pitched well—until he threw up his hands to protect his face and was struck by a line drive hit by Buddy Bell of Texas. The middle and index fingers of Leonard's right hand were broken, shoving him for at least six weeks. Dan Quisenberry went the final 2½ innings and wrapped up the 3-0 triumph with his 10th save. As for the ball that hit Leonard, it curveded right to Second Baseman Frank White, who caught it on the fly and stepped on second for a double play.

"I've been thinking for four days about what could happen next," said Manager Don Zimmer, mindful of the woe that has befallen his Rangers (1-5). "A line drive breaks the pitcher's hand—and they get a double play. That's a new one." Texas had other troubles: Mark Wagner sat out the week after being benched in batting practice; Lee Mazzilli went on the disabled list with torn ligaments in his right wrist; and the owners were restless. Minority owner Dee Kelly said, "I'm about ready to call up the whole Denver team [Texas' AAA farm club] and swap it with this one." A brief respite came when Charlie Hough went the distance to beat the Royals 3-1 with a 12-inning six-hitter. Kansas City added to the Rangers' misery by defeating them 5-3 the next day. The Royals pulled the game out by scoring three times in the bottom of the eighth inning, twice on a double by pinch hitter Cesar Geronimo.

There was little joy in Oakland (0-6) and

continued

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Minnesota (1-5), too. In the past 16 games, A's pitchers have been clobbered for 173 hits and 125 runs. Last week, despite hitting four homers in one game, Oakland lost 31-9 in Detroit. The Twins were outscored 34-13, but they did hold off Baltimore 8-7 as new-comer Tom Brunansky slugged his third homer in as many games.

Chicago (5-1) bumped California (3-2) out of first place even though Tim Lincecum .500. Steve Renko, 37, hurled his first complete game in almost two years when he stopped Milwaukee 4-1 on three hits. Renko needed only 92 pitches—67 of them strikes—and retired the last 20 Brewers in order. On Sunday, Renko went the distance for the second time in a row, holding the Tigers to only four hits, winning 7-2 and raising his record to 5-1.

"I think he has arrived," said Bruce Bochte of Seattle (3-3) of teammate Floyd Bannister after the leftfielder pitched a three-hitter and won 3-0 in Boston. "He doesn't spend himself in the first five innings and he doesn't pitch at the plate as much as he used to." Bannister, who had been long on promise and short on victories since coming to the majors five years ago, is now 5-2. By whiffing nine Red Sox, he maintained the league strikeout lead with 61, nine more than runners-up Ron Gaudry and Dennis Eckersley. Manny Castillo's pinch single in the 11th inning pulled the Mariners past the Brewers 6-5.

CH 26-13 CAL 26-15 KC 23-17 OAK 20-23
SEA 19-25 TEX 11-25 MINN 12-32

NL EAST

A shot in the arm gave Mike Krukow of Philadelphia (2-4) a shot in the arm. Krukow, who struggled with his control early against Atlanta, was hit on his pitching arm by a ball off the bat of the Braves' Brett Butler, which went for a single. "I could feel the ball better with my fingers after that," explained Krukow, who went on to win 5-2. Pete Rene, who was playing his 500th consecutive game, drove across the run that made Dick Ruthven a 2-1 winner in Atlanta.

There was no catching St. Louis (3-3), which found that Glenn Brummer was no summer. Two weeks ago Catcher Durrell Porter suffered a broken finger. Last week Catcher Gene Tenace broke a bone in his right hand. Up from the minors, where he has spent eight years, came Brummer, who was hitting .887 at Louisville. Brummer had three hits and three RBIs in 6-3 defeats of the Padres and Dodgers. Bob Forsch's five-hitter took care of San Diego 2-0.

New York (4-2) was with him both long and short. Dave Kingman's 13th homer enabled Tim Lincecum to defeat Cincinnati 4-2. And reliever Neil Allen's 12th-inning bunt at Houston brought in John Stearns for a 6-5 victory. For the week Stearns hit .467.

Steve Rogers of Montreal (4-2) continued

BALL PARK FIGURES

The 10 least flattering, but still printable, nicknames of major league players:

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Chief Running Mouth—
Warren Cromartie, Mont.
Cuckoo Jar—Jojo Aranda, SF.
Horse Face—John Candelaria, Pitt.
Moon Man—Greg Minton, SF.
Kelp Beath—Tim Lincecum, KC.
Mullethead—George Brett, KC.
Spongehead—Rick Cerone, Yankees.
Whirlybird—Bob Walk, Atl.

his mastery over Atlanta. A 4-0 two-hitter gave Rogers a 7-1 record and 1.10 ERA in his last 10 starts against the Braves. Rogers then earned his sixth win of the season and Jeff Reardon picked up his seventh save as the Expos knocked off the Reds 4-2 on Sunday.

The biggest hit of the week for Chicago (3-4) was a pinch double by Gary Woods breaking a 3-3 tie and leading to a 6-4 win in San Francisco that lifted Chicago out of the cellar. Until Woods came through, Cub pinch hitters had hit .146 for the season.

Pittsburgh (2-4) collapsed into the basement, largely because of 211 hitting during the first five games of the week. Then the Bucs broke loose for 14 hits on Sunday and defeated the Padres 4-2. John Candelaria struck out nine batters in 7½ innings before Rod Scurry came in from the bullpen to get the last four outs.

STL 25-17 NY 23-18 PHIL 21-10
MONT 19-19 CH 18-24 PITT 16-22

NL WEST

Manager Tom Lasorda of Los Angeles (4-2) was blue on Saturday. Not his beloved Dodger blue. Just blue, as in miserable. The reason: He had to bench Steve Garvey, whose average was down to .222, and Ron Cey, who was at .259. Garvey extended his consecutive-game playing streak to 986 anyway, by taking over at first base late that night for his replacement, Rick Monday. Taking Cey's place at third was Pedro Guerrero, who earlier in the week had homered in the ninth to defeat Chicago. Guerrero had a pair of RBIs on Saturday to help knock off St. Louis 3-2. The victory went to Ted Power, one of two pitchers Lasorda pulled out of the bullpen and gave starts to. Dave Stewart, with a 9.00 ERA as a reliever, was the other, and he defeated Chicago 4-1 with the aid of Bill Russell's first homer since 1980. Garvey returned to the starting lineup on Sunday against the Cardinals and responded with a single and a double. That plus two more runs batted in by

Guerrero helped Bob Welch coast to his fifth victory, 5-0. Three usually reliable starters had trouble. Fernando Valenzuela gave up six runs in the first two innings of an 8-3 loss to the Cubs. Jerry Reuss, who lost 6-3 to the Cardinals, has been battered for 26 hits and 19 runs in 14½ innings during his last three outings. And Burt Hooton was hampered by a bone spur in his right knee joint and may need surgery.

Juan Bonilla of the Padres (3-3) did have surgery. He sustained a compound fracture of his left wrist in a collision at first base and is through for '82. Until then, San Diego had two Juans. The other, Juan Eichleberger, survived eight walks in beating Pittsburgh 12-3. On the week, Leftfielder Alan Wiggins gunned down two runners at the plate, made several electrifying catches and stole five bases. That gave him 12 steals in 17 games since coming up from Hawaii to replace the injured Gene Richards. Keeping the Braves (3-3) comfortably ahead of San Diego were Dale Murphy, who walloped his 12th and 13th home runs, and Gene Garber, who got his eighth save.

The Astros (4-2) put it all together: The pitchers had a 1.95 ERA, the fielders turned seven double plays and the hitters batted a

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LARRY HERNDON A three-home-run game was only part of the Detroit outfielder's hitting spurge. He also had a double, two triples and eight runs batted in, scored 10 times while hitting a scorching .619

good-for-him .265. At the center of the offense was Phil Garner, who hit .385. Houston was thus able to not only end Philadelphia's seven-game winning streak 8-1 behind Vern Riffe's four-hitter, but also to sweep a three-game series in Philly for the first time in 17 years. Ray Knight's double and Alan Ashby's single in the 12th settled the second game of the series 2-1. Don Sutton beat the Mets 5-1 for his seventh victory. However, Reliever Joe Sambito went on the disabled list with tendinitis in the elbow of his pitching arm.

San Francisco (4-3) had the pitching—the staff ERA was 2.11—but not the hitting. The Giants scored only 21 runs and lost two of three 2-1 decisions. Rookie Bill Leakey, whose 1.99 ERA is the league's second best, was a 2-1 winner over Pittsburgh, and Joe Morgan singled in two runs in the eighth inning to beat the Pirates 3-1 in another game. Jack Clark also delivered a clutch hit, a 10th-inning single that beat the Cubs 4-3.

Cincinnati (1-5) outlast New York 12-6 but felt 7-4. The Reds lost largely because their pitchers issued nine walks.

ATL 26-15 SD 21-19 LA 21-21
HOUS 19-23 SF 19-24 CIN 16-24

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by Pat Putnam

Aloha to a Hawaiian puncher

WBC lightweight king Alexis Arguello got off the deck to KO Andy Ganiman

For nearly nine minutes Alexis Arguello hadn't figured out Andy Ganiman. But Arguello, who had been knocked down in the first round and staggered late in the third, knew it was only a matter of time before he would solve the southpaw style of Ganiman, a fearless Hawaiian who fights with the subtlety of an exploding grenade. Arguello had smelled trouble. "What a weird style," the WBC lightweight champion had muttered after studying a tape of Ganiman a few nights earlier. "I'd rather fight five of the world's best with normal styles than one guy like this who just throws punches from all over. It's awful."

Ganiman, a 29-year-old former sugarcane cutter, goes at an opponent in a manner described by Hawaiians as *ma-ke ma-ke*, kill or be killed. Thirty of his 34 victories had come by knockout. And two of his three losses ended likewise. "He don't lay down for nobody," said Larry Ichinose, Ganiman's manager.

In his most recent fight, last October, Ganiman had knocked out Sean O'Grady with a paralyzing left hook to the liver, a cannon shot that made him the World Athletic Association's first lightweight champion—in fact, first champion of any weight division. In a footnote to that historical moment, on the same day WAA founding father—and Sean's dad—Pat O'Grady shipped Ganiman his championship belt. Pat also notified Ganiman that he'd been stripped of his title for failure to defend it.

But all wasn't lost. The dazzling victory over O'Grady had boosted Ganiman to No. 2 in the WBA rankings, and he was offered \$130,000 to fight Arguello.

There are those who will tell you that such a sum is not nearly enough, not by twice and twice again, to step into the ring with Arguello. A world champion in three divisions since November of 1974, Arguello has defeated the best featherweights, junior lightweights and light-

weights en route to an 18-0 mark in title fights. And only two of his opponents lasted 15 rounds.

Such excellence only made the challenge that much more appealing to Ganiman. "It just proves that he's great," the unswayed contender said.

In hope of unraveling the riddle of Ganiman's *ma-ke ma-ke* assaults, Arguello and trainer Eddie Futch studied a tape of the challenger's 10-round loss to Gato Gonzalez last June.

"My God, what a style," said Arguello, who was paid \$400,000 for the defense at Las Vegas' Aladdin Hotel last Saturday. "I've never seen one like that. He starts

with a right hand; he starts with a left. But he doesn't jab much or too well. And like me he's a counterpuncher. I must counter a counterpuncher. It will be difficult."

Arguello wasn't worried, only upset that he couldn't design a strategy for Ganiman. To hell with it, he finally decided. "I'll just jab him, keep my hands up and pick him off at my distance. And I'll figure him out in the ring."

Ganiman's strategists wanted their man to keep the pressure on Arguello. "Go in and get him," Ichinose ordered.

But, like Arguello, Ganiman elected first to see what he faced. He came out

continued



After a left hook started Ganiman's downfall in the fifth, Arguello followed with a right.



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BOXING continued

circling to his left, flicking his no-harm jab. Arguello, too, was content to jab as he awaited the first onslaught. Ganigan soon tired of this game. Using his light jab as a distraction, he moved in quickly, fired a straight right to the head and hooked to the body with the same hand. The next time he came in, Arguello tested him with three counters: a hook followed by two strong rights. Ganigan backed away with respect.

Ganigan continued to come in behind his puny jab, to Arguello's annoyance. Next time, Arguello thought, I'll turn it to my advantage. Indeed, on Ganigan's subsequent assault, Arguello attempted to catch the challenger's jab with his left glove. He wanted to pull Ganigan's arm down and then punch over it. But as Arguello reached for the wrist, Ganigan threw a short, straight left to the head, did a little hop and, with both feet in the air, threw the same punch, only with more distance. It cracked against Arguello's jaw, dropping him to the canvas.

Arguello had hardly hit the mat before he was getting to his feet. As he listened to referee Carlos Padilla finish the mandatory eight count, the champion glared at Ganigan. "But there was no anger," Arguello would say later. "You can't fight with anger. I just wanted to get back to the business of fighting."

As Ganigan advanced again, Arguello rocked him with three hooks to the body, and then a hard right. In the corner Futch thought, that will give Ganigan something to think about.

When Arguello returned to his corner at the end of Round 1, Futch met him with a steady stream of advice: "He caught you backing up. You can't back up on a hooker, you got to go inside. He's countering over your jab. You got to throw it harder, back him up. You can't let him get off because he throws in bunches. Keep the pressure on him."

In his corner, Ganigan's people were urging him to keep pressing. "You knocked him down once," said Ichimose. "There's no reason you can't knock him down again. Go out and fight him."

Ganigan ignored the advice. He remembered the power of Arguello's punches, and he didn't think he had hurt the champion when he knocked him down. Arguello is going to play possum, Ganigan thought. The challenger came out cautiously, and Arguello began to

probe by hooking over the jab and then hard to the body.

As the third round began, Arguello started experimentally to slide to his left, firing a hook to the body as he went. That served to move Ganigan to his left and straight into the howitzer that is Arguello's right hand. Suddenly, a straight right to the head dropped Ganigan.

Rising quickly, Ganigan tried to collect himself. He was dazed but undaunted. He attempted to go to his right, but Arguello cut him off with the slide and the hook, turning him back into the devastating right hand.

"It's when he's hurt that he's most dangerous," Arguello had said of Ganigan. "It's like waking up a sleeping bear, and then he takes the big bite."

Now Ganigan chomped. As Arguello moved in, the challenger fired a hard hook over a jab, staggering the champion. But Arguello recovered quickly and hooked Ganigan to the body at the bell.

"You know what you got to do," Futch said to Arguello before Round 4.

"A hard jab will stop him dead and leave him right there for the right hand."

Arguello smiled. He had found his key.

It was a different Arguello who came out for the fourth round. Ganigan no longer baffled him; he was no more of a threat than a heavy bag. By the end of the round, blood was pouring from Ganigan's nose and mouth and his body was battered.

"Don't wait," Futch said. "Keep throwing that right hand behind the hard jab. The jab and the right hand."

Arguello came out firing a string of stiff jabs, and he was snapping Ganigan's head back with the right. It was the classic destruction of a southpaw. Near the end of the round, Ganigan backed away from a string of three jabs, sagged after a right to the body and took three hooks to the head. A right hook dug into his body, and he fell into a left hook to the head.

There was no place to hide. As he tried to turn away, Arguello sank a short right deep into his stomach and a hook to the head started him down. Arguello helped him down with a straight right.

Ganigan fell on his back, his head on the apron, and he lay there, barely moving. "I wanted to fight some more," he said later. "But I couldn't get up; I couldn't move. That is why Arguello is champion. Oh, those body shots. They hurt."

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A photograph of Mike Schmidt from the Philadelphia Phillies, seen from behind. He is wearing a maroon jacket with "SCHMIDT" in white letters on the back and white pants. He is standing on a green field, facing a crowd of people behind a wooden railing. Many people in the crowd are holding cameras and taking pictures. The background is a solid green wall.

SCHMIDT

Now that he has everything a man could ever want, including family, fame and fortune, Mike Schmidt of the Phillies is letting the public into the picture

BY RON FIMRITE

CONTINUED



It's a game children play. One kid puts a ball atop a raised batting tee and the other clobbers it into a net a short distance away. Then the two of them speculate on the trajectory and distance this arrested drive might have achieved. The imagination takes charge after every swing. "Line drive, right-field," the ball boy says to the hitter. "Aww-right, home run, leftfield. . . ." "Oops, ground ball, second base." We've all played this game in some form—you've at bat in the last game of the World Series, Guidry is pitching for the Yankees, two out, bases loaded, count 3 and 2, then . . . Pow!

The batter on this particular Friday afternoon in May stands there before the

MIKE SCHMIDT

Continued

young season with a freakish injury to his rib cage and, in the five games since his return to the lineup, has been having trouble regaining his fluid—when it is working, poetic—swing. After going 0 for 4 the previous night, he had lugged the tee down to the cage immediately after the game and pounded away at a hundred stationary balls. He is at it again now, this time with Rose in tow. "You got an expensive ball boy here," Rose says, admonishing Schmidt with a gap-toothed grin. Schmidt smiles, but his concern is apparent. "I'm trying to get a feel for the way I'm holding the bat," he says, fiddling with his grip. "I could feel the bat circling around last night. When it's moving like that, it makes me a lot slower." He does a knowing impersonation of Mighty Casey. Exaggerated gestures aren't Schmidt's style. He's no pompous braggart. He's a slick, lightning-quick executioner at the plate.

Schmidt steps to the tee, takes a practice swing and assumes his upright stance—but held high, left shoulder tucked in, feet well apart, left foot pointed inward. "If I'm going good, I'll just take one practice swing, hold the bat steady and wait." Thwack! Rose nods his approval and sets up another ball. "The way it is," says Schmidt, "I'm anxious. I'm jumping at the ball, overswinging." Thwack! "I go up there thinking single up the middle until the pitcher gets here [he

simulates the point of delivery] and then..." He makes a clumsy, lunging motion. Schmidt moves the tee so that it faces the cage's home plate, maybe 40 feet away. "Let's try single up the middle." Thwack! A line drive off the tee strikes the netting only three feet above the plate. "You got it," says Rose. Schmidt steps back, like a golfer appraising his tee shot. "You know, when you're not hitting, you see everything out there," he says. "Last night even the second base umpire seemed to be in my way." "Yeah," says Rose sympathetically, "looks like he's got a glove on sometimes." Schmidt steps forward and wallops a few more setups.

Schmidt and Rose retrieve the balls together, baseball immortals, the chosen, super-superstars. But here, in this absurd cage, they're like small-town shopkeepers helping each other clean up after a trying day. Just a couple of boys from Ohio.

"I'm a human being," Schmidt says abruptly. "I'm just like Diaz and Vukovich [Catcher Bo Diaz and Outfielder George Vukovich who each had four hits the night before]. They're relaxed now because of those hits. I'm going to need the same thing." He hoists the tee apparatus onto his shoulders and heads for the clubhouse, a light sweat trickling down his ruddy face, moistening his auburn mustache. "I don't believe in just swinging my way out of a slump," he says. "I

continued

The Schmidts reside in this 40-bedroom house in Media, Pa., and relax in this swimming pool, when there's water in it, that is.

tee, eyes resolutely fixed on the imaginary pitcher, then, at the presumed moment of release, he turns to the stationary ball and blasts it. Thwack! "You got all of that one," says his pal. "Yeah, felt good." Pretty serious stuff. You'd think the hitter was Mike Schmidt or somebody taking his cuts at Veterans Stadium. In fact, that's who it is—not just somebody but Mike Schmidt himself, the Phillies' \$1.5 million-a-year man, the double MVP, the perennial home run champion. His ball boy? Fellow named Pete Rose.

Yes, here they are, \$3 million worth of baseball talent playing this kid's game in a batting cage under the leftfield stands at the Vet four hours before that night's real game against San Diego. But this isn't child's play. The two future Hall of Famers are in dead earnest. Schmidt has missed more than two weeks of the



Mike and Donna were told they couldn't have kids, but that was before Jessica, J., and Jonathan, III.

MIKE SCHMIDT

continued



Schmidt has a good grasp of what's the right grip

do all this for a purpose. I don't think there's another hitter in the game today who knows himself as well as I do. I just look for checkpoints. I go into a game with a plan."

In the game, despite his earlier tee shoes, Schmidt is having more trouble at bat. With Rose on base, he pops up on a checked swing in the first inning, grounds to second with a runner on in

the third, reaches base on an infield single in the fifth and then flies out weakly to center in the eighth. The Phillies trail the Padres 2-1 after eight, Philadelphia's only run coming on a Darv homer.

With two outs in the ninth, rookie Outfielder Bob Dernier, the winning run, is at second with Rose coming up. San Diego Manager Dick Williams orders his lefthanded reliever, Gary Lucas, to walk Rose intentionally to get to the slumping Schmidt. For all of his sagacity, Williams seems to have one blind spot. He likes to pitch to Schmidt when he doesn't have to. Two years ago, when he was managing Montreal, Williams pitched to Schmidt with a runner on first in the 11th inning of a game that would decide the Eastern Division championship of the National League. The batter after Schmidt, one Don McCormack, had never batted in the major leagues, and he was more or less obliged to bat this time because he was the last available Philadelphia catcher. Schmidt hit a two-run homer that won the division for the Phillies, who then went on to win the pennant and, with Schmidt leading the way, the World Series. The homer in Montreal was one of four Schmidt hit in his last four games of that historic season, and it was his seventh game-winning RBI in a month.

And yet Williams on this Friday

night, elects to take his chances again. He lifts the lefty Lucas and brings in righty Luis DeLeon to pitch to the righthand-hitting Schmidt. The Vet fans, Schmidt lovers all, are screaming encouragement as DeLeon sneaks a slider past their hero for a called strike one. Schmidt foids off the next pitch, and DeLeon waves the third one outside. With the count one ball and two strikes, DeLeon tries another slider. It arrives waist high. Schmidt, his hat steady, his shoulder in, comes swiftly around on it and drives it over the leftfield fence for the game-winner. It's the batting tee hitter's fantasy come true. As he rounds the bases, Schmidt holds his hands high above his head. At home plate, he high-fives virtually the entire Phillie team, and when the crowd calls for him, he boones out of the dugout and joyously waves his cap.

It is an uncommonly emotional display from a man considered by his fans to express a detachment bordering on hauteur. "I haven't seen Schmidt so demonstrative since Montreal in '80," says broadcaster Harry Kalas. "That's as much as he'll do."

After five home run championships, six Gold Gloves and consecutive Most Valuable Player awards in 1980 and '81, Mike Schmidt feels it's time for some public recognition, time for him to be acknowledged as the warm and bright and extraordinarily sensitive person he is, rather than some homer-hitting automaton.

continued

Schmidt describes himself as "something of a flake" at third base, but still his flashy style has earned him six Gold Gloves for defensive excellence.





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A model engineer: Schmidt's training routine includes many hours at the controls of his UGB set.

Schmidt concedes that if he hasn't been exactly clasped to the public bosom, it's at least partly his fault. "It has always been uncomfortable for me to go out in public," he admits. "I don't like people watching me eat, and if I'm standing in line for a movie, I don't want to be the topic of discussion. I don't like to hear whispering around me. I guess I've become sort of a figure of intrigue. People never see me, so they must wonder, 'What does that guy do?' Does he crawl into a hole somewhere?"

But now, when he sees inferior talent being treated to celebrityhood, his ego, secure as it is, aches just a little. Schmidt found that he actually enjoyed his stint as a colorman with Tony Kubek and Joe Garagiola on a recent NBC Game of the Week broadcast. And, indeed, his amiability, intelligence and keen baseball sense came through to a mass audience, just as it has for years with friends and colleagues. "I'm glad to see him getting over his shyness," his decidedly un-shy teammate, Tug McGraw, has said. "People might have thought of him as aloof, even snobbish before. He's much more outgoing now. You know, he's liked by everyone on the team. I've never heard anyone ever say anything bad about him, and that's unusual, believe me. I know I like him, probably more than he likes me.

But then, I like everybody more than they like me."

Mike Schmidt isn't like the rest of us. He tends to examine himself clinically, isolate what he considers a weakness—"Oh my God, how'd that spot get there?"—and then do something about it. If he feels it's time for him to become more of a public person, you may rest assured he will do it. He always does what is needed. He had won three home run titles—and hit four homers in a single game—when he decided three years ago that he had a weakness, his batting average, which had ranged from a low of .196 his rookie year (1972) to a high of .282 his second year. He had become a consistent .250 to .280 hitter, and he didn't like it. He was being stereotyped as just another home run hitter who struck out a lot (180 times in 1975), "a big strong donkey," as his old teammate, Tim McCarver, once identified the species. Schmidt is no more of a donkey than Gato del Sol is. He has a degree in business administration from Ohio University, and he is one of his game's most analytical players. He put his fine mind to work on improving his average.

Now, it's all well and good for a player, a veteran player at that, to say he'll add points to his batting average. But he will usually do it, if he can do it at all, at

the expense of his home run output. Schmidt saw no reason why this should be so. "The difference between hitting .270 and .320," he says, "is about one hit a week, maybe 25 for the season. That's 25 more chances to drive in runs, the difference maybe between 100 ribbies and 120. Look at the production George Foster had for Cincinnati in his 300 seasons. That's what I wanted. I decided I'd be displeased with a .260-30-100 year. So right before the 1979 All-Star Game I experimented with standing farther back in the box. I felt that if I adopted a Clemens style, standing well away from the plate, I'd have more time to decide on a pitch. It would also give the pitchers a different look at me, open up all sorts of new possibilities.

"Before, I had a normal stance, not too close, not too far away. The trouble was, I was striding toward the pitch and, in the process, I was opening up my left shoulder. That way, I was strictly a pull hitter, and I was hitting an amazing number of foul balls to leftfield, getting too far out in front of the pitches. I was having trouble with the inside pitch, fouling off potential base hits. By standing further back and away, I found that it was easier to stride toward the plate, not toward the pitch. By doing this, I was keeping my shoulder tucked in, closed. I created a new area of contact.

"Nobody helped me. I just worked it out for myself. Not everybody has that luxury, of course. I could experiment for two or three weeks and not be afraid of being sat down or sent down to Triple A. Well, as it turned out, it worked for me right away. I've even written a book about it. I credit Charley Lau (now the White Sox batting coach), a man I've never met, with having a lot to do with putting this style of hitting in vogue. I'm using his fundamental approach—looking to hit the ball to all fields. The difference is I don't let the top hand go off the bat. I believe in that top hand. The ideal style for me would be to have Lau's approach, Hank Aaron's top hand and Pete Rose's intensity. The top hand gives the bat acceleration. Look at this."

Schmidt extends his right hand across a luncheon table. There is an ugly knot near the wrist. "It's from that extra twist, the snap," he says. "In September that knot is huge. Look, I'm strong (he won the weightlifting event in his preliminary of this year's Superstars competition). I

continued

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MIKE SCHMIDT

continued

work with weights and on the Nautilus, but I'm nowhere near as strong as 15 or 20 other players. In an arm-wrestling competition, I might not even make the top 100. My advantage is bat speed. And that's caused by the top-hand twist. There aren't many players with a faster bat. George Hendrick might be there with me, but not many. There's sure as hell something making the ball go out of the park."

Schmidt hit 45 homers and drove in 114 runs the first year of his stand-back experiment, but he batted only .253 and struck out 115 times. Remember, though, he didn't go to the new stance until nearly mid-season. In 1980 he stayed with it all year and wound up hitting .286, his highest average until then, while leading the league with 48 homers and 121 runs batted in. In the abbreviated 1981 season, the new gears meshed. He hit .316, his first .300 season as a professional, and led the league with 31 homers and 91 RBIs while striking out only 71 times. "People laughed at the thoughts of my becoming a .300 hitter," he says, having the last laugh. "I knew I could do it. To be honest with you, I feel I can win the batting title." It probably won't be this year though. Injuries slowed his start and at the end of last week he was batting .259, including three home runs and 12 RBIs.

But if Schmidt does win a batting title eventually, he will surprise few of his contemporaries, for he is generally conceded to be baseball's best all-around athlete. He is one of those exasperating humans who are good at any game they try. He has size (6'2", 203 pounds), speed, strength and amazing coordination. Schmidt played football and basketball in high school as well as baseball. He is a fine golfer and tennis player and an expert swimmer. He has won three Superstars preliminaries, but he has twice passed up the finals because of a conflict with spring training. "He's the best athlete I've seen in a baseball uniform," says McGraw. "There's nothing he can't do,"

says his manager, Pat Corrales. "He could play short or second or anywhere on the field." "There's nobody in baseball who can do all the things Mike Schmidt can do," says Bill Madlock, the Pirates' third baseman. "There are four things you can do in this game—run, hit, field and hit with power, and nobody can do it all except Mike Schmidt."

Graig Nettles notwithstanding, the best defensive third baseman in the game can be Schmidt when he puts his mind to it. But fielding has always come so easily for him that he has a tendency, particu-

good at fielding because I take it lightly. I just go out there and field. I don't even do things fundamentally right, and I have infield practice—it's nothing more than pre-game entertainment. But I have a lot more range than anyone else and I'm good at anticipating. For example, I get a lot of runners rounding the bag at third. I'll recognize quickly that I have no chance for the runner at first, but I'll fake there and then catch some poor guy at third with a throw to the shortstop. I win Gold Gloves because I can kill a rally with a great play, make a barehanded stop, do something that really stands out. I have some charisma out there. On defense, I guess you could say I'm something of a fake."

Playing defense gives vent to Schmidt's surprising imagination, his unexpected flair for improvisation. "I sometimes chase my own throws," he says. "Once I threw a ball over second base and just kept going after it. I finally ran it down deep in rightfield. In the '76 playoffs Cesar Geronimo hit a blooper over my head. I chased it all the way to the warning track, and damned if I didn't hit the cutoff man with my throw. In San Diego once, I cut off a ball hit in front of the shortstop, but I couldn't get the damn thing out of my glove. I short-hopped the

throw to Pete. Pete was retrieving it when the runner made a motion to go to second. I just kept running to first, yelling at Pete for the ball. He threw it, and I tagged the runner out coming back to the bag—a third baseman making a putout at first! At Shea Stadium I was in the middle of a rundown play that must've lasted seven minutes. I'd never had such fun. We had Lee Mazzilli and John Stearns hung up, and it seemed that just when we were about to get one the other would take off. We kept it going that way. I got so I didn't care if it never ended. Well, somehow, Garry Maddox, our centerfielder, got into it, and he ended up tagging one of the guys—I forget which—out at home. The centerfielder! Oh, I sup-



Between outgoing Lol and quiet Jack, Mike, 3 here, forges his personality.

larly in the early stages of a game, to "nonchalant" the ball. It's a weakness he, of course, recognizes and plans to correct. Someday.

The defensive Schmidt and the offensive Schmidt, in fact, appear to be opposing individuals. The offensive Schmidt is a calculating technician; the defensive Schmidt is the man on the flying trapeze. His face clouds over when he expounds on the intricacies of contending with the inside pitch; he usually breaks up when talking about his fielding adventures. "I love fielding," he says. "You know how it is when you're a kid. You always like to be tossing a ball around. You like to do things with it—catch it between your legs, behind your back. It's fun. Well, I'm

pose I could break down fielding to as fine a degree as I do hitting, but I've never really felt a need to. Fielding is primarily concentration, anyway. What you have is this little ball bouncing at you."

Schmidt was relaxing in the Phillie dugout before a game at Dodger Stadium when Steve Yeager, the sometime Dodger catcher, stopped by. As major-leaguers Schmidt and Yeager are, well, not in the same league. Yeager is a journeyman of minor distinction; Schmidt is on his way to Cooperstown. But Schmidt is forever a man of surprises. He acted almost deferentially to the Dodger, and Yeager, for his part, seemed condescending to the superstar. The reason for this prince and pauper turnaround is rooted deep in the two players' adolescence.

Yeager, puffing on a cigarette, plopped down on a bench in the dugout. Schmidt sat on a step, his back to the field. He gestured toward the sleepy-eyed catcher. "Right there," he said. "is the best high school athlete I've ever seen—Steve Yeager. We went to different schools in Dayton. Fairview High for me, Meadowdale for him. He was All-State in everything; I was honorable-mention All-City."

"I was your basic late bloomer. I didn't get hair under my arms until after all my buddies. I was a quarterback, but I had two knee operations in high school. Basketball may have been my best sport. I was only a couple down from the best there. I was about the fourth or fifth best baseball player in school—a .250 hitter, and if you don't hit .400 in high school, nobody knows you're alive. I was always the kid with potential. The only time I was really a star was in Little League. After that, I just seemed to be missing something."

"It was drummed into me early that you could only be successful if you had a college education. It was a must. I ended up going to Ohio U. because I wanted to be with a friend, who had a scholarship offer. As it turned out, though, I enrolled, but the other kid never did. At the time I wanted to be an architect. I was a walk-on in two sports. I made the freshman basketball team, but my knees just wouldn't hold up—it's funny, because I've had no problems with them since. So I concentrated on baseball. I finally got a full scholarship my senior year—I was All-America as both a junior and a senior. I was drafted after my senior

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year, but there wasn't much excitement around me. My father was my agent. We held out for a \$37,500 bonus. I was worth more, but I guess you could say I got it back."

Schmidt, 32, and Yeager, 33, reminisced about old times at Dayton. The guys they hung out with, the girls they dated, the fate of both in the years since. It was a complicated gavotte they danced, the athlete successful in maturity deferring to the one whose star shone most brightly when both were young and impressionable. It's the same sort of thing that happens at reunions. The old hero is really the only hero for those who remember.

"I'll be back in the lineup in a day or two," Schmidt told Yeager, treating his injury as if it were ordinary, which it wasn't. By the sheer force of his batting swing, Schmidt had pulled a muscle on his left side so violently in an April 13 game against the Mets that it had torn away a piece of bone in the rib cage. Phillies trainer Jeff Cooper says it was an instance of a muscle being stronger than the bone. It is an injury that, with few exceptions, can occur only among persons of extraordinary upper body strength.

After a while, Yeager gave a friendly wave and sauntered over to his own side of the diamond, his minor status bolstered by this revivifying brush with his past. A part of Yeager will always see Schmidt as the kid from Fairview who didn't quite have it.

Schmidt looked bemused for a moment, reflecting perhaps on this reversal of roles. Although Schmidt is considered a quiet person, he can be positively garrulous. But this was simply one of those moments when he chose to silently organize his thoughts. "I look for the good things in everything that happens to me," he said after a few contemplative moments. "You know that I also broke a toe on my left foot in spring training. A foul ball hit right on top of it. So with the rib, that's two broken bones on the same side of the body in two weeks. I admit I was down. But nothing like a depression ever sank in. I think all of this happened for a reason. There were

some positive things, after all. As a spectator, I got a different perspective on the game. I found myself watching like a manager. Then, before you know it, I'm on network television proving that I have some things to say about my game. And because I got hurt, there are some young guys on our team playing in the big leagues who might not have had a chance otherwise. The good doesn't always have to happen to me."



At 4-: Mike was a fine glove man with his head in the game.

Schmidt became a born-again Christian in January of 1977. "He didn't see firecrackers going off or the heavens open up," says his friend and spiritual counselor, Pat Williams, the general manager of the Philadelphia 76ers. "I think he just had an itching inside and he didn't know how to scratch it. He's a complex person in many ways, a unique person. He was a young guy, blustering on the outside, scared to death inside. Mike is a seeker, a thinker. There was something about life he couldn't get a handle on. He started attending our baseball chapel meetings. He wanted to learn more about the Bible. He

did some reading. Then, in time and after a lot of thought, he made his decision."

"I was a materialistic person," says Schmidt. "I was floating along. Nothing but good things had happened to me. I was the highest-paid player in the National League—this was 1977—and third behind Catfish Hunter and Reggie Jackson in all of baseball. If something went wrong, I'd go out and trade the Corvette in for a Mercedes. Then one day that winter I was shooting baskets outside our house and I just stopped and asked myself, 'Why me?' It occurred to me that I had no idea how these things happened in life. I knew there had to be more."

"I was basically non-religious growing up. Sure, I signed 'Protestant' on forms asking for my religious affiliation. But I had no foundation, except to succeed. I realized suddenly I was afraid of failure. I had a lot of trouble dealing with pressure. I'd go up and squeeze that bat and say, 'I've got to get a hit or 50,000 people will boo me,' or, 'I've got to get a hit or I'll lose that contract.' I was missing the point. Now I can't wait to face challenges. If I fail now I know I've failed only in the sense of making an out. But I've been successful in accepting the challenge and meeting it. I know all of this is easy for me to say. I'm making a couple of million a year. If I were working in my father's soda fountain, it might not be so easy. I'm not going to tell anyone how they should live their lives, although by example I hope I'm teaching someone something. I don't really know if what I was searching for was some kind of strength. I don't think that's it. I think I'm just trying to find out what makes me tick. Finding that out can't help but make me a better person. I feel blessed beyond belief in this life—my wife, my children. How does my wife feel? Well, there is no one who does more good than she, but she's still questioning things. For me, the questions are answered."

A man, particularly one so locked into a man's world, can best be defined by his women. Schmidt is singularly blessed here, too. He and Donna Schmidt live

now in a vaguely Old French country house outside Media, Pa., some 40 minutes from Veterans Stadium. Visitors enter their property through an iron gate. They drive down a gently sloping driveway that circles a green lawn and a graceful fountain. The house, which overlooks a reservoir, has six bedrooms and is situated in a grove of hickory, poplar and blossoming dogwood. The Schmidts have two children, a daughter, Jessica, 3, and a son, Jonathan, 1½.

"Michael and I met at the Stouffer's hotel in Valley Forge," she says. "I answered an ad there for a girl five feet ten who would be willing to work in costume as a doorman. Sounded good to me. I'd been working as a commercial artist in a bad neighborhood in Philadelphia, and before that I'd been singing with a folk group. It turned out the costume was about a size three, so they asked me if I'd ever worked as a cocktail waitress. I hadn't, but I said, 'Sure.' Michael came in one day after playing golf with Steve Carlton and some others. He asked me for my autograph. That's the first time I'd heard of that move. Three weeks later we were engaged. And I'd never even gone steady before. That was nine years ago, and they said it wouldn't last.

"We were a musical family. Dad used to play trombone in some of the big bands. Mom played the piano at home and we all sang. I sang in all the church choirs and the school talent shows—I must've done *The Girl from Ipanema* 50 times. Finally I hooked up with a folk group from Penn State. We played all the college campuses in western Pennsylvania. But my voice finally gave out.

"Michael and I were going to get married in Puerto Rico, where he was playing winter ball, but I think the language barrier got in the way. We went to the traffic bureau instead of the marriage license bureau. Needless to say, there was some confusion about that. We were finally married in Michael's family's living room in Dayton. I didn't know a single soul at the reception. It's funny, but at the time I think I was making more money than Michael. Either that, or I was spending less.

At any rate, I certainly had more.

"We're a nice blend. I scream and yell and Michael calms me down. He's very organized—knows how to put the bucket under the drip. And I think I've made him more affectionate, more understanding of women.

"We were told we could never have children, and we consider ourselves very fortunate that we did have them, because they've brought us even closer together.

sends the little girl off to play downstairs.

"He's always been Michael to me," she says. "not Schmitt. I don't understand the infatuation of fans. I don't understand all that jumping up and down when they see him. And why would anyone want an autograph? Once, when he came out of a game, this girl was standing outside the stadium just shaking and crying. 'My God,' I said, 'what's wrong with her?'" There have been times when girls

have been hanging all over him while I'm standing right there. That's why we're not very public. It drives me crazy. It makes you feel like an animal in a cage. And I take offense at being a celebrity because of him. I like to think that I was a celebrity of sorts before him. Thank God we've got our little fortress here.

"As for religion, I think people should always have questions. That's why I'm bothered by the born-again people sometimes. I was raised a Christian. I taught Bible school. I know how I feel in my heart. But I still have questions. And yet I know Michael's Christianity goes very deep. He is such a very kind person. I think his acceptance of Christianity has given him an awareness of life that had been missing. He cares about things now. He wants to help people. He's got himself involved in all sorts of charitable things, things that help the underprivileged. I think that before, some of his sports heroes and friends were the pits morally. And you should have seen his list of girlfriends before he married me. You know, I never understood why he married me. He

was so popular he could have had anyone he wanted. But I think he paid me the nicest compliment I've ever had. He said I reminded him of his mother."



At 11, Schmidt was bringing his teammates off their seats

Both births were cesarean, and Michael was in the delivery room both times. He's wholeheartedly into fatherhood—changes diapers, baby-sits, the works. But of course he has to be on the road, and when he is, the loneliness is a killer for me. Every noise in the night in this big house seems a little louder. And I'm so conscious of the little moments in the children's lives he's missing."

Jessica climbs onto her mother's lap carrying *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, a book Donna inscribed at the time of the child's birth: "I hope you enjoy this as much as I did." She reads a passage, then

In Dayton, Jack Schmidt, proprietor of Jack's Drive In, is the "Schmitty" in town. His son, the famous ballplayer, is simply "Mike." Jack's Drive In adjoins the Phillips Aquatic Club, which, in one manifestation or another, has been operated by Mike's mother's family for more than a hundred years. The club, which includes two pools, a sauna, whirlpool, basketball courts and picnic tables, is the true

continued

family business. Mike worked there from age eight to 18 as a pool cleanup boy, ice-cream scooper and finally as a dollar-an-hour lifeguard. "There wasn't anything I didn't have," he recalls. "My mom and dad provided for me and provided for me well. If I wanted a new glove, I got it. I saved my money and my dad went in with me on a car. It was a Midwestern middle-class upbringing, but you could never tell me we were just middle class. I felt very privileged."

Dayton's city limit signs advise visitors that this is the BIRTHPLACE OF AVIATION. A city that has Orville and Wilbur Wright to boast of cannot be expected to get overly exercised about a ballplayer. Besides, as any citizen will tell you, "This is Reds country." One of the most fervent Reds rooters was, in fact, Mike's late grandmother on his father's side—"Grandma Me"—who tailored her grandson's uniforms to resemble Cincinnati's when he was growing up in hopes he might one day hit his homers for the home team. Still, with all this, Dayton did give Mike a Day after the Phillies won the '80 World Series and the native son was voted the Series' Most Valuable Player. "I was just driving down Main Street when it hit me," says Mike's mom, Lois. "There it was on the marquee at the Convention Center: MIKE SCHMIDT DAY. It seemed weird somehow. This town doesn't get very excited about anything."

Lois Schmidt was born and raised and has lived all of her 56 years in Dayton. "I have such a strong hold on my beginnings because I never left them," she says. "That's why it's hard for me to believe that anyone can go away, as Mike has."

She motors up woody Pinecrest Drive to the fine brick house Mike Schmidt was raised in. The Ridgcrest Playground is behind the houses across the street. "Mike was the easiest child to raise," she says. "He was just a good kid. The only trouble I ever had with him was getting him home from playing ball for a meal. He'd always want that one more time at bat. See how close that playground is. I'd stand on this porch and bellow at him. All the mothers in the neighborhood did the same with their kids. It was a chorus of bellows."

Until the birth of the grandchildren, Mike's bedroom was preserved as "The

Shrine," as family friends called it. Now it's a small child's room again, the trophies replaced by toys. Family photographs reveal four strong, handsome Schmidts—Mike has a sister, Sally, four years younger, who is married and still lives in Dayton. "Schmitts—that's Mike's dad—and I have known each other since we were both in fourth grade," Lois says. "And we wonder why we nev-

er had for an old man. Mike's a better golfer than I am, though." He retreats to the bathroom to "wash up." Mrs. Schmidt smiles after him. "The children always respected that man," she says. "He had his way of keeping them in place. Not long ago some television guy asked Schmitt what he thought about his famous son. 'We-ell,' said Schmitt, 'he's a good son, a good husband, a good father and a good ballplayer—in that order.' " She interrupts her own laugh with an aside. "I think Donna does for Mike what his father did for him when he was a child. She's his biggest critic. For all he's done, Mike's still trying to impress her."

A DEVASTATING DECADE

In his 10 years as a regular (1973-82), Mike Schmidt has slugged more home runs than any other hitter in baseball.

1. Mike Schmidt, Phillies	316
2. Reggie Jackson, Angels	274
3. Dave Kingman, Mets	270
4. George Foster, Mets	236
5. Greg Luzinski, White Sox	228
6. Jim Rice, Red Sox	221
7. Graig Nettles, Yankees	213
8. Johnny Bench, Reds	213
9. John Mayberry, Yankees	211
10. Ron Cey, Dodgers	207

er have anything to say to each other anymore. Schmitt was a super jock in high school, a really good end. But he went into the Navy in 1944 the day after graduation and that was that. The war, you know. He had to go to work afterward. Schmitt is such an inward man. He's very quiet. When Mike was playing Little League, he'd never sit in the stands with the other parents. He'd just find a tree somewhere and sit quietly under it by himself and watch. I think Mike's an awful lot like him. They're both the kind who when they have something to say, you listen. Me, I'm very outgoing. I still run that club with three other women about my age—we're just four old broads making a living. If Mike has any ham in him—and he does—he gets it from me. Mike was always a good storyteller. He'd come home from a movie and tell us all about it. If he has something to say, he can go on and on."

She switches on a video tape of Mike's Game of the Week broadcast, as Jack Schmidt, "Schmitt," strides in. The Schmidts, father and son, have large heads and heavy shoulders, the buffalo look. "Shot a 78," he tells his wife. "Not

What can you say about a man who has everything—youth, health, talent, money, a loving family? Mike Schmidt even has a model train collection. Not just your ordinary on-the-beaten-track collection, mind you. No, special German-manufactured LGB trains worth several thousand dollars that circulate through an Alpine village Schmidt has constructed in the attic of his house. He will retreat there in the dead of night with his chewing tobacco and his radio and work until the early morning on this, his play world. The little railroad town of his imagination may never be finished, because Mike Schmidt is forever a builder. He took a career only he found fault with and built it into something better. He is taking a life that looks near perfect and is treating it as if it were a rehabilitation project.

"I never look at myself as a hero," he says. "I look at myself as someone who has been overloaded with blessings. Part of my return for that is to do as much good as I can. I try to stay active in community projects. It is imperative for me to create a good example. I could be a drinker and a hell-raiser—actually, I'll have a few beers with the guys on the road—but it's important to me that I'm not. I won't go to places where you'll see me talking with a bunch of women. I think of it this way: If a kid has a Mike Schmidt poster in his bedroom, I'd want his parents to be happy as hell about it." The devout Christian laughs at this incongruous blasphemy. "I want them to be happy, anyway. I mean, that's what I really have to give in return for the incredible beauty of my life."



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La Favorita (Donizetti)
William Tell (Rossini)
Griseida (Bononcini)
Donizetti (Puccini)
Il Trovatore (Verdi)
Lucia di Lammermoor (Donizetti)
Martha (Hofner)
Don Sebastiano (Donizetti)
Luisa Miller (Verdi)
Carmen (Bizet)
Der Rosenkavalier (R. Strauss)
Rigoletto (Verdi)
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Invites You to Nominate Your Favorite Golf Pro for the PGA/SI Merchandiser of the Year Awards



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Say "thank you" to your favorite professional

So if your golf professional merits consideration for the award, just fill out, detach and mail the Merchandiser of the Year nominating form below. Use an extra sheet of paper if you want to go into more detail, but the important thing is to get your nomination in without delay. Deadline is September 1, 1982, so mail your form soon to: PGA/SI Merchandiser of the Year Awards, *Sports Illustrated* - Room 1942, Time-Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Spend a moment to say "thank you" to a golf professional who's spent years serving you and your fellow golfers well.



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Mail to: Sports Illustrated - Room 1942, Time-Life Bldg.
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Name of your Pro Nominee (please print) _____

Your Name _____

Golf Course Name _____

Address _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

NOTE: All nominees must be PGA members.

CATEGORY: (CHECK ONE)

☐ Private

☐ Public

☐ Resort

Here's why my nominee deserves consideration for this award: (Indicate your pro's strengths by checking appropriate statements below.)

- ☐ Pro knows me and how I play the game.
- ☐ Shop is well-maintained with merchandise attractively displayed.
- ☐ Shop personnel are courteous and well-trained.
- ☐ A wide variety of high-quality merchandise is available.
- ☐ Special events, promotions and innovations are featured.
- ☐ Pro goes out of his way to make sure I get the right equipment and accessories at the right price.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

WYOMING

Sir:

Jim Doherty's article *Wyoming Plays Its Hole Card* (May 17) was another stunning reminder of who and what are really in control of this country. To me, the most poignant line in the entire story was Dick Randall's "Somewhere, something is rotten." The oil companies will throw us an occasional bone, and we will zoom on toward 1984. This should have been your cover story instead of Gaylord Perry's 300th win.

GLEN YORK
Ocean Park, Maine

Sir:

I was upset to learn of the plight of Wyoming, because I have always looked forward to going back there. In 1969 my family drove east from Washington. I was awed by the green vastness of Wyoming and the Rockies ahead on the horizon. I have told many people of this Wyoming memory and can only hope that the residents of the state will remember what they have before it's too late.

ELIZABETH CLEARY
Milwau, N.J.

Sir:

In 1978 I was transferred by a major oil-field supply company from West Texas to Evanston, Wyo., the town that Jim Doherty wrote about. I had every intention of making my career in sales in that area, but after living for eight weeks in a small motel that charged more per night than I paid for a honeymoon suite at the Las Vegas Hilton, I felt the place was not for me. The resentment that the native townspeople expressed toward expansion and growth was almost scary. The town seemed reluctant to build home or apartment complexes or put in water or sewage disposal systems for mobile-home parks. I feel that the people of Evanston have created their own hellhole and do not have the right to blame the oil companies, or the Bureau of Land Management, or anyone except themselves.

JOEL LEMLEY
Midland, Texas

Sir:

Jim Doherty obviously knows nothing about the respected scientific discipline of seismic geophysics. Seismic field crews do not trample hider-skeller or make hellacious wastelands of our national forests and natural resource lands. He wrongly criticized the hardworking, outdoor-loving men and women of the geophysical industry, and he misinformed the general public about exploration.

LEWIS A. ELLIOTT
Land Analyst
Denver

Sir:

It's good to read about an aspect of sport other than baseball, football, etc. While I'm not a hunter or fisherman or outdoorsman, I can understand and support the hunter-fisherman's position in Wyoming. True, we need oil, but we shouldn't get it at nature's expense in Wyoming. Maybe articles like this will bring the point home to others.

DAVID STRONG
Minneapolis

ISLANDERS UNCOVERED

Sir:

Come on, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, not again! For the third straight year the Islanders were the NHL's supreme team, and for the third straight year you neglected to put the champions on the cover! E.M. Swift's article on the

Stanley Cup finals (*The Islanders Slick It to 'Em*, May 24) and the opening picture were superb. In fact, it was probably the best piece you've ever had on the club. But how could you put the 49ers on the cover five times in four months and the Islanders no times in the last three championship years?

At the end of the article, you quote Bryan Trotter as saying, "I only hope people don't take us for granted and get tired of seeing us win the Cup." The only thing Islanders fans are getting tired of is seeing the Isles win it and then finding someone else on SI's cover.

MIKE DELGUIDICE
Deer Park, N.Y.

Sir:

The only good that comes as a result of your continuous snubbing of the Islanders is that they are not subjected to any SI cover "jinx." Keep on ignoring them, SI. Maybe without recognition on your cover the Islanders will accomplish what no other NHL team has before: the winning of six consecutive Stanley Cups.

LOUIS GRIFFEL
New York City

GAYLORD'S 300TH

Sir:

Congratulations to Jack McCallum for a fine article on Gaylord Perry (*The Prime of the Ancient Mariner*, May 17). Perry is an inspiration to people who think they are over the hill and can no longer stay in shape. Let alone take part in athletics.

The only sad note was that Seattle Mariner fans couldn't bring themselves to fill even half the Kingdom to pay tribute to one of baseball's all-time greats. I hope that when Gaylord breaks Walter Johnson's streakout record of 3,508, he does it in Oakland. We appreciate great players here.

ERIC J. FRIEDMAN
Oakland

Sir:

Gaylord Perry's feat of winning 300 games is indeed estimable, but considering his admitted use of foreign substances on the ball, we think credit should be given where credit is due. The article should have been entitled *The Sinner of the Ancient Mariner*.

VINCENT McGEARY
ROGER C. DAY JR.
Hopatcong, N.J.

SOD GOD

Sir:

Thanks for a fine article on the Sod God, George Toms (*Natty Grassy Dart Man*, May 17). I remember seeing the last Chiefs game at Kansas City's Municipal Stadium. It was in 1971, K.C. vs. Miami. I was 12 years

continued

LET'S FACE IT

Sir:

There was a mistake in *FACES IN THE CROWD* (May 10). The photograph that accompanied the write-up of Steve Kenilworth is actually of Jack Upping, a state champion wrestler from Meadville, Pa. Please make a correction.

ZANE NONSIOKHO
Director of Athletics
Meadville Area Senior High School
Meadville, Pa.

■ SI apologizes for the mix-up. For a look at the real Steve Kenilworth, the 6' 3" senior forward whose 35 points and 16 rebounds helped Sir Francis Drake High of San Anselmo, Calif. defeat Banning High for the California Division II basketball championship and Drake's 56th consecutive win, see below left. Jack Upping, below right, the Meadville High senior who was misidentified as Kenilworth, is this year's Pennsylvania AAA 185-pound wrestling champion. Upping's career record of 134 wins, 16 losses and one tie and his 1981-82 season record of 47-1-0 are also state marks for total victories.—ED.

KENILWORTH

UPPING



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—Charles Darwin
Narasimhan

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about the damage inflation is
doing to our colleges?

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college-trained minds and college-
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19TH HOLE continued

old, and after the game, some friends and I ran around on the turf of the newly empty arena. I saw Toma standing in the end zone surveying the end of an era. I wondered what he would be doing the next year when the Royals and Chiefs moved to the plastic confines of the Truman Sports Complex. With all the miracles Toma has worked, he is every bit worthy of his nickname, Kansas City does have a perennial winner!

JERRY E. NENNER
Lowry Air Force Base, Colo.

Sir:

As an employee of the Kansas City Athletics from 1959 to 1962, I especially enjoyed John Garity's article on George Toma. The playing surface of Municipal Stadium was something to behold in its lushness and resiliency underfoot. Given the vagaries of the climate in Kansas City, the results Toma wrought were seemingly miraculous.

Whenever a special pregame promotion was planned, we learned that one had best have the right answers for George as far as the use of the field was concerned. Woe unto the individual who tampered with or took a wrong step on Toma's grounds. Incidentally, his crew also had the fastest tarpaulin act in the West during wet weather.

Garity's article was a well-deserved tribute to not only a spotlight groundskeeper but also a dedicated leader. I always expected Toma to be the player-to-be-named-later in one of the numerous K.C.-Yankee deals of that period.

WALD W. LADUE
Springfield, Va.

IN CENTERFIELD

Sir:

I have never written to any publication before, but Ron Fimrite's *A Well-Marched Set* (May 10) is a fine piece of work. I firmly agree that the Oakland A's trio of Rocky Henderson, Dwayne Murphy and Tony Armas is the best outfield unit in baseball.

However, Fimrite mentions that Murphy in centerfield goes back on a ball hit over his head better than anyone playing. I disagree. Whatever happened to Andre (the Hawk) Dawson of the Expos? Dawson is regarded by many as the premier centerfielder in baseball, if not one of the best all-around players.

I take nothing away from Murphy, who is a spectacular ballplayer and certainly rated very highly. But as far as centerfielders go, the Hawk flies highest.

VITO DIPIRANCO
Ottawa

Sir:

In your article, Rangers Manager Don Zimmer says the A's have the best outfield he has ever seen. He must not remember his days as Red Sox skipper when he had Jim Rice, Fred Lynn and Dwight Gooden. They are all of All-Star quality.

RALPH PETERBROOK III
Chester, Mass.

LOWER PRICES?

Sir:

The recent "windfall" TV contracts that the NFL has signed with the three major TV networks for some \$14 million per team per annum over the next five years (TV/Radio, March 29) makes one point very obvious to me: The time has come to reduce ticket prices. Instead of the fighting that continues ad nauseam between the owners and the players over the "spoils," let the people who made all this possible—the fans—share some of the benefits for a change. The two leading teams in attendance in 1981 were Detroit and Buffalo. The high unemployment rates and the generally depressed condition of the economies in those two areas have been well documented, but hardly anyone associated with the Lions or Bills has spoken of how remarkable it is that fans could contribute so much money and such great loyalty under such terrible conditions.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if a ground swell developed throughout the league to lower ticket prices? Greed has become so pervasive in sports throughout America, it would be terrific if courage could for once prevail.

JAMES J. CANNY
Sarasota, Fla.

TOO MANY GOALS?

Sir:

Your May 10 *FACES IN THE CROWD* item on the prolific goal scoring of two very young hockey players, ages 6 and 9, prompts me to inquire as to the whereabouts of sportsmanship and compassion for a weaker opponent. What are we teaching our young athletes—unsuccessful pummeling of a beaten opponent? Whatever happened to simply winning the game without humiliating the opposition?

Also, I wonder if that unfortunate goalie who had the bad judgment to "sunt" Mikoy Gamble is still playing hockey. What about his psyche? Can a child of six be expected to recover from an 18-goal humiliation? I think it might be difficult. I strongly believe the humiliation was totally unnecessary.

WILLIAM R. HEAD
Youth Soccer Coach
Garden City, N.Y.

WAVERTY & CO.

Sir:

In the *SCORECARD* column of the April 19 issue you gave an account of a basketball game wherein Waverly (Ohio) High was trailing by seven points before touching the ball because of technical fouls assessed against it when officials discovered that the wrong uniform numbers had been entered for Waverly players in the scorebook. You also suggested that had the Waverly team started out eight points down, it "would have been a world record almost for sure." Reader Warren M. Jones (19TH HOLE, May 17) then followed up with a note about a Wild Rose, Wis. team that started out behind 9-0.

In a similar situation two years ago, the

continued



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19TH HOLE *continued*

Woodview Junior High freshman basketball team of Warren Township, Ind., was assessed 10 pregame technicals for wrong uniform numbers in the scorebook, and the Fulton Junior High (Wayne Township) shooter hit all 10, putting Fulton up 10-0 before Woodview touched the ball. But Woodview did you story's Waverly High one better, because it recovered by playing some of the best ball I've seen at that age level to tie at the quarter and eventually win the game 44-43.

In case you think Fulton may have been a pushover, Woodview met Fulton again in the finals of the Marion County freshman tournament, with Woodview winning 58-54. My son Greg played for that extraordinary Woodview team.

ROBERT A. COVAL
Indianapolis

Sir,

To suggest that being down 7-0, or even 8-0, would be a world record is nowhere near accurate. I coached in what I believe was the record-setting game.

In 1971, my team, the Rothwezen (Germany) Raiders, was playing the Bamberg Bombers in a U.S. Army TASCUM League game. When Bamberg came out for its pregame warm-ups, it began dunking the ball in layup drills. At this time dunking was illegal, with the penalty being a technical foul called on the offending player. The referees counted 19 dunks, and the game began with one of our players (Chuck Wiggins from Lawrence, Ind.) shooting 19 foul shots. He made 15 of them. We then rebounded and scored to make it 17-0, at which point Bamberg touched the ball for the first time. Unfortunately, that was still too soon, the final score was Bamberg 78, Rothwezen 59.

GARY BAUER
Kent, Ohio

Sir,

Your SCOREBOARD item on Athens and Waverly made me recall the 1980 New Jersey state basketball semifinal game between Mahwah, my high school, and Roselle. It was a well-played, balanced game that found Roselle up by one point with two seconds left in regulation and us with the ball at the far end of the court. Following a time-out, Roselle sent in a player who hadn't yet appeared in the game. Mahwah had little chance to win, but our team was saved when it was discovered that the new Roselle player's number had been incorrectly entered in the scorebook. A technical foul was assessed against Roselle. Mahwah's Doug Blake made the free throw and we eventually won in triple overtime.

DAVID FERINGA
Mahwah, N.J.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

The Spirit of America



Sundown on the Mississippi by Lisl Dennis

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